

# The Nation

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## Events of the Week.

THE week has brought about a great change in the political scene. The Liberals and the "National" Liberals have had the one a demonstration and the other a Conference, and have definitely determined their relationship to each other and to the electorate. The Coalition Conference at Westminster has been a failure. We imagine that the Prime Minister's first hope of it was that, following Sir Gordon Hewart's overtures at Manchester, it might seal a peace with Liberalism. But the Coalitionists had nothing to offer; and when they met in council it was clear that their conduct was subject to an arranged truce with the Conservatives, under which the Prime Minister agreed (a) to postpone the election; (b) to accept the "reform" of the House of Lords, and a partial restoration of the veto; and probably (c) to retain the Safeguarding of Industries Act. This is a practical surrender, under which National Liberalism, denied a policy, becomes a mere mendicant for seats. Its note was *pianissimo*. Sir Gordon deprecated the Industries Act, but said nothing of its repeal, argued weakly against an "unlimited" veto for the Lords, and begged for a "fair allocation" of constituencies. This is a policy for place-hunters, not for parties. Mr. George's speech was almost as depressing. He asked for co-operation in a programme of European peace—which he has got—and for a non-partisan atmosphere, by which he means a return to Coalitionism. This is the real issue, and it is practically decided against the Prime Minister. There will, of course, be a co-operation of groups in the Government that will succeed the Coalition, but, in Lord Grey's epigram, it will be based on agreement, not merely on the desire to co-operate.

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THE evening Liberal demonstration was in effect a revival meeting, and also a celebration of the return of Lord Grey to active politics. It was an extraordinary success of enthusiasm. Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey both took the field on the issue of "Down with the Coalition," Mr. Asquith further accepting the Newcastle programme

of advanced Liberalism. Lord Grey's speech, one of remarkable power, was less an exposition of ideas than an indictment of unprincipled politics, and it has made him for the moment the most regarded figure among the personal alternatives to Mr. George. Lord Grey's most definite move was a renewed offer to work with Lord Robert Cecil, who has accepted the tender of agreement. On foreign policy his line was conservative, as well as more pro-French than the country, we imagine, approves. It is possible, therefore, that if Mr. George should resign rather than dissolve, an attempt would be made to form an Administration of the Talents, of mixed Liberal and new-Conservative complexion, with Lord Grey at its head. It is more likely that the Coalition will struggle to its fall and meet in an early election.

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It has long been argued by most Irishmen and by many Englishmen that the Ulster question would prove to be soluble only when the English complex was removed. This belief has received a very striking encouragement in the agreement between Mr. Collins and Sir James Craig that was published on Monday. By this Mr. Collins's Government agrees to remove the Belfast boycott, and Sir James Craig to facilitate the return of the expelled Catholic workers to the shipyards. The Boundary Commission for which the Treaty provides is to be amended by the omission of the British representatives; the two Governments are to unite to facilitate a settlement of the railway dispute, and most important of all, "the two Governments are to endeavor to devise a more suitable system than the Council of Ireland for dealing with the problems affecting all Ireland." Now it would be easy to exaggerate the immediate effects of this agreement. It is obvious that in the present temper of Belfast and the suspicions excited by the opponents of the Treaty in Nationalist Ireland, this new arrangement for the Boundary Commission may prove very delicate and difficult in practice. There will be loud cries of betrayal on both sides when the Commission has done its work. Already, indeed, some of Mr. de Valera's more unscrupulous supporters are attacking this part of the agreement, and forgetting conveniently the immense concessions for which their leader was prepared when he drew up Document Number Two.

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It would be impossible, on the other hand, to exaggerate the significance of the agreement. For some weeks business men in Belfast have been discussing plans for ending this fatal quarrel, and it is safe to say that nothing now stands between Ireland and immediate unity but the seventeenth-century passions of the Belfast mob. No community can be ruled permanently by such a force, and the efforts of religious leaders to suppress the disgraceful rioting that gives Belfast a scandalous record in the history of the British Commonwealth reflect something more than disgust and horror. The Northern Counties are moving more rapidly than anybody had

dared to hope towards peace, and that movement will be accelerated by the evidence of the tolerant and sensible spirit in which the Provisional Government envisages its problem. The removal of the boycott has had an immediate effect on Belfast trade, and this object-lesson will not be thrown away on the business mind of the North. For if the Northern Counties will make no concession for unity, they may obviously compel the Free State to impose a tariff that would be even more injurious to Belfast commerce than the boycott which is now abandoned.

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MR. COLLINS and Sir James Craig signed the agreement in London, where conferences have been held between representatives of the Provisional Government and a Committee, of which Mr. Churchill is Chairman. It is understood that the arrangements for transfer are proceeding smoothly, and it is generally believed that a serious element of irritation will be removed this week by the release of the political prisoners whose offences were committed in England. There are still some very difficult questions ahead. English Ministers must realize that if the Free State is to have a tolerable chance, the breach with the past must be as complete as it can be made in all matters respecting the position of the representative of the Crown and the manner and atmosphere of his life in Ireland. It is difficult for many Englishmen to disabuse their minds of the notion that the display and excitement of rank and a Court attract and inspire affection and regard. To act on this belief would be fatal, for the enemies of the Free State will seize on every incident or symbol that gives them the opportunity of alleging that Ireland is governed secretly by English influences. Mr. Lloyd George has not been afraid of making his own precedents in the form and method of these negotiations. The effect will be spoilt if respect for convention and formal tradition is given its way in the concluding transactions.

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In spite of his preference for conventional diplomacy, M. Poincaré takes good care to make the utmost use of the Press to back his negotiations. The news from Paris informs us that his instructions to the French Ambassador in London are to propose the modification of the proposed Pact in the following particulars: (1) It is to be a mutual defensive alliance; (2) it is to provide against "aggression" by Germany upon her own Rhineland, thus making the Rhine the military frontier of France; (3) military conversations between the two staffs are to be provided for; (4) in some not very clearly defined way we are to be involved in the defence of Poland, and (5) the Treaty is to run for thirty years instead of ten. In short, we are to be committed for a generation to the whole system of Versailles, as the allies of France. Meanwhile, M. Poincaré is equally busy in whittling down the Genoa programme. The Russians must accept the six Cannes resolutions in advance, which would preclude them from putting forward any counter-claim for damages due to our interventions and blockade, as an offset to their debt. Secondly, neither "directly nor indirectly" must the Peace Treaties be discussed, which means that we are somehow to restore the economics of Europe without mentioning indemnities. On general politics the country is a good deal estranged from Mr. George, but we believe he would have the nearly unanimous support of the country in resisting all M. Poincaré's demands. If that resulted in dropping the Pact and in the abstention of France from Genoa, so much the better.

In his two recent speeches Lord Grey has gone some way towards defining the foreign policy which he would follow if he should return to power. The revelation is disquieting if it means that he has learned nothing since he tried to keep the peace of Europe on the basis of an exclusive Anglo-French Entente. At Bristol he called for a military Pact with France, objected strongly to the Genoa Conference, and advised that Russia should be left severely alone, and neither blockaded nor helped. In the Central Hall he went further in this orientation. Not only did he argue that, as before 1914, the intimacy with France must be the basis of our European policy, but he echoed M. Poincaré in desiring to get back to the secret technique of conversations between Ministers and Ambassadors. He did not mention the "military conversations" which he also introduced, but presumably there also he and M. Poincaré are agreed. What is more remarkable, in a sweeping and brilliant indictment of Mr. Lloyd George's record at home and abroad, the one thing he left out was the worst of them all, the Peace Settlement. He objects strongly to the Supreme Council, and so do we. But we object to it because it sets up a quarrelsome dictatorship of England and France over the Continent, or, to put it otherwise, because Germany, Russia, and the neutrals are excluded by it from the common councils of Europe. His expedient of decisions to be negotiated secretly between England and France would aggravate the evil.

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SEMI-OFFICIAL statements from Washington indicate that there is little hope that the United States will be represented at Genoa. All accounts agree that the revelation of the mind of official France at Washington engendered the feeling that "Europe is hopeless," and some accounts add that American opinion is not yet ready to approve of any meeting with the Bolsheviks. The view put forward in a very roughly worded communication of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover, is that France must "adopt a less belligerent attitude," that Russia must demobilize her army, and that Europe must balance her budgets before America joins in any economic conference. This, surely, is to put the cart before the horse. Russia can hardly disarm until she is recognized and given peace. Germany can never balance her budget till the indemnity is reduced. And the only chance of bringing France to realize her folly is that America in open conference should lead the rest of the world in bringing it home to her and proposing ways of amendment. Moscow, meanwhile, issues full and cordial endorsements of the Conference policy, and evidently means to attend in a conciliatory spirit. But how is she to disarm if the almost incredible news is true that the Washington Conference has endorsed the "validity" of the Japanese occupation of Siberia?

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THE adoption of the Dublin Castle policy in Egypt unwinds its inevitable consequences. Zaghloul Pasha has, indeed, been exiled, but his eight colleagues on the Delegation have made their counterstroke in a manifesto, couched in defiant and resolute language, proclaiming a policy of non-co-operation. They have been duly arrested, but that in no way seems to deter the population from following their advice. Strikes of officials occur perpetually, there has been a very serious riot in Cairo, and the boycott of British manufactures is being organized. Meanwhile, there is still no civilian Government, and in reply to repeated attempts to induce him to accept the Premiership, Sarwat Pasha has laid down conditions which seem to mean the ending of mili-

tary government and a return to the constitution which was suspended more than seven years ago. What exactly are his terms we do not know, for the Censorship seems to have stopped their transmission to London. All this is military folly, in which, we imagine, the Anglo-Egyptian civilian officials have little or no share. What sane men feel is shown by the remarkable and very decided manifesto in the "Times" proposing to found a Society of Friends of Egypt to back the rejected terms of Adly Pasha. It is signed, not only by Lord Milner, Sir Rennell Rodd, and Sir Valentine Chirol, and almost every British authority on Egypt, but even by General Maxwell and Field-Marshal Grenfell.

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MEANWHILE, Lord Allenby is going far in his anti-Press campaign. When Zaghloul Pasha was deported, two papers were suspended, one an Arabic Zaghloulist organ, and the other the "Egyptian Gazette," which has been the mouthpiece of British commercial interests in Egypt since 1882. On its reappearance it was apparently uncontrite, and, according to the Alexandria correspondent of the "Morning Post," Mr. Rowland Snelling, who has occupied the position of editor for more than twenty years, has been "compelled (by Viscount Allenby) to retire, probably for the same reasons which led to the suspension of the paper recently. No explanation, however, has been given." Since then we have had the even more startling news that four vernacular dailies, including the widely read and respected "Mokattam," which for years was the semi-official mouthpiece of the Residency, have been suspended for publishing the manifesto of the Zaghloul party concerning non-co-operation. The eight signatories of this important document included Bassil Pasha, a great Bedouin notable of the Fayum, Morcos Bey Hanna, a Copt and the leader of the native Bar, and other Moslems and Copts. Thus the policy of martial law has to be bolstered up by arrests, deportations, and the muzzling of the Press. The "Times" correspondent, who is an official in the Ministry of Agriculture, says that "instructed Egyptians" do not approve this policy of boycott, which is "inopportune and impracticable." Very inopportune for the unfortunate British merchant for whom we may take it the "Gazette" speaks! But if it is so widely disapproved, why is it supported by the native Press of all shades of opinion? And why take so much trouble to try and suppress it?

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DR. NANSEN, as director of the international relief work for Russia, opens a fortnight's campaign of meetings in England at the Queen's Hall, on Tuesday. The country has been very slow to realize the dimensions of the famine, and the three British Relief Funds have had to cope with an evidently organized opposition based on "White" lies. About £350,000 has been collected in England, and the Russian Government has spent or voted £19,000,000 (gold) on food and seed. But the mortality is already so high that whole provinces may be depopulated before next harvest. No exact statistics are available, but in one district with a normal population of 3,000 the late Dr. Farrar found only 1,100 remaining. In another parish with about 9,000 inhabitants the Society of Friends reports that the deaths were 500 in September, 1,000 in October, and 1,500 in November. All the Funds report a rapidly increasing income, and perhaps among them, with the powerful aid of America, they may save most of the surviving children. The adults, however, are almost entirely left to their fate. It is good to rescue the children, but

what can a population of orphans make of the desert it will inherit? The only hope lies in an immediate grant to these funds from the British Treasury. To wait for Genoa is to wait too long.

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TOWARDS the end of last year there was a general expectation that employers in some of the more important industries would turn from wages for a time and aim at extending hours of labor. In face of instant opposition this line has not developed. Only the master builders and the Scottish railway companies have raised the matter formally, and the award of the National Railway Wages Board has maintained the principle of the eight-hour day, while providing for elasticity to meet abnormal conditions. The master builders are divided among themselves, and the operatives have expressed their determination to resist a change of hours. Instead of bringing conflicts over the working day or week, therefore, the year has opened with a new stage of wage reductions. This takes two forms. Fresh sacrifices are demanded from groups of workers who have already given up a great part of their war-time gains, and initial reductions are taking effect in a host of small trades which remained stable during last year.

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VARIOUS trade boards, for instance, are now announcing revisions of minimum rates, and the boot and shoe operatives, having rejected an agreement strongly recommended by their union officials, are now asked to vote definitely for acceptance or a strike. This agreement, which provides for two cuts of 4s. in the next few months, is a tolerable bargain as things go. It guarantees a minimum wage of 87 per cent. above the 1914 standard until the cost of living falls to seventy points, and it provides for a new permanent minimum of 42s., as compared with 32s. in 1914. The other demands are in a different category. Shipbuilders' wages are already only about 70 per cent. above the pre-war standard, and the men are now asked to accept a bonus cut which would bring them below 50 per cent. The dock workers, who have dropped 3s. a day, are faced with a demand for another 3s. reduction spread over the next three months, while the seamen have just accepted a cut of £2 a month, making a total loss of £4 10s. a month since last spring. Both the dockers and the shipbuilding workers are opposing the new demands. But they are ill-equipped for a fight.

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MR. BOTTOMLEY has run away from his prosecution of Mr. Bigland. His counsel, after applying for an adjournment and being refused, offered no evidence against Mr. Bigland, and in its absence had to submit to a verdict by default, which, of course, carries costs against his client. As Mr. Bigland charged Mr. Bottomley with being a "crook," and with fraud in the management of the vast funds (admitted to be over £700,000) entrusted to him through the War Bond Club and allied undertakings, this withdrawal is a serious matter for Mr. Bottomley. His counsel's defence was that he would be cross-examined on the various books and vouchers, that these were in the Receiver's hands, and that this gentleman has not yet issued his account of them. Mr. Comyns Carr retorted that he was prepared to deal with them at once, and pointed out that his client had already entered a plea of justification. Mr. Bigland having been found "Not guilty," that plea stands, and Mr. Bottomley will now have to meet the report on the books, and also any renewal of Mr. Bigland's charges of fraud arising out of their examination.



## Politics and Affairs.

### THE POSITION OF THE PRIME MINISTER.

IF, as we believe, the result of last week's auction of seats and principles be to dissolve the false union of parties which gave rise to it, we shall hope a little for the better government of England and a good deal more for the morality of her public life. We shall have a word to say later on Mr. George's position in British and European politics. But of the party which he seems proud to call his, and which has just taken a new name without any corresponding change of character, we doubt whether even war, parent of falsehood in politics, ever generated a meaner thing. A few days ago the "Liberal" Coalitionists were offering themselves to the Liberal Independents. Of moral stock, indeed, they had nothing to sell. In 1918 they chattered the cause of justice in Europe for an empty cry. Put to the lesser task of salvaging Liberal principles from the reaction which Mr. George's policy made into the master-force in the Coalition, they abandoned them. The guardianship of civil freedom during and since the war has been in the hands of two Liberal lawyers, Sir Gordon Hewart and Mr. Shortt. Under their joint rule the advanced workers and thinkers of England have suffered a sharper retrenchment of their liberties of speech and of writing, and even of the hard-won right of combination, than any of their generations save the victims of the Six Acts. The cause of national education was submitted to a Liberal professor. In a few days the country will have the full measure of its betrayal. Free Trade flickered a little on the lips of the orators of Westminster. Its very name disappeared from their "economic" resolution, which with ingenious effrontery called upon the gods to strike away from British business the shackles forged for it by their own unrepealed and unrepented measure. A fourth Liberal Minister was the begetter of the Black-and-Tans; a fifth a chief promoter of the Russian civil war. The one honest Liberal whom the Coalition Ministry contained has left it. But we have a shrewd suspicion that Dr. Addison will find no companion of exile among the be-knighted remnant who overcrowded Devonshire House but found comfortable seating room in the Central Hall.

Nevertheless, it would be an injustice to these high-souled men to say that in their recent resort to the famous political marts of Manchester and London they went empty-handed. Sir Gordon Hewart had the wherewithal to sell to the first and to buy from the second. The assets in question consisted of a great deal of money and a doubtful number of seats. In these commodities it would appear that the Liberal "Coalies" were prepared to do business either with the Independent Liberals or with their Tory partners in the dissolving firm of the Coalition. As far as we can gather, the first deal failed altogether, whilst the second "option," though still open, has been a good deal blown on by Sir George Younger's depreciatory dealings in Coalitionist stock. We observe among the less salient phrases of Sir Gordon Hewart's speech a plaintive appeal for "a fair allocation of seats." But it was a deal in seats which, if all had gone well in the parley of Manchester, he must have been prepared to conclude with the Liberals. Now we suspect in this shrewd lawyer an inadequate equipment for "business." Otherwise, he must have reflected that the man who goes to market must go where buyers of the things he would sell are plentiful and keen, and

dealers abound in the articles he wants to buy. These conditions chanced to be lacking to Sir Gordon's successive approach to the Liberal and the Tory merchant. The first declined to part with his principles; the second proposes to take seats and not to give them. For once the Prime Minister found something in political England that was not open to an offer.

From the crooked and abortive transactions of the last fortnight, there does, indeed, emerge a new, or a partly new, fact in politics. We imagine that Mr. George has just snatched a verbal compact with Toryism which enables him to say (but only to say, and not to think) that the Coalition is still alive. By using a set of double-meaning phrases, in which reform of the House of Lords signifies one thing to his Tory associates and another to himself and his "Liberal" friends, and by applying the same double currency to the Free Trade issue, he can create for himself the unstable balance which, in a similar embarrassment, secured Mr. Balfour a few miserable months of office without power. His Government will thus live on tactics, until it dies of them. But if he hopes to find in his "National Liberal Council" a new political creation, he will be disappointed. No new force can thrive on the mess of stale opportunism he commended to his "National Liberals." And any force, new or old, must expire of such leadership as Mr. Churchill's. There was a time when Mr. Churchill might have led not only Liberalism but Europe in the right path. He was in power, and in a high state of mainly deleterious activity, in the crisis years of 1914 and 1918. Then came the call for common sense and the helpful mind to repair the ravage of Europe and set about the salvage of British trade. Mr. Churchill has the impudence to lay on Socialism, the one Continental peace party, the blame for what he calls the "blasting" of our "commercial credit." In the days when that credit was recoverable, Mr. Churchill had his chance with the rest of us. He used it to bury some scores of millions of British money in the sands of Mesopotamia, or to fling them by hatfuls to armies of Russian banditti. This is the statesman who is to occupy for Mr. George till he comes. What an embarrassing descent on the Pentecostal gathering of Westminster! What a thorn for feet shod with the preparation of Mr. George's peace!

But we imagine that the signs of the times will dispose the Prime Minister to look less to Mr. Churchill than to himself. The past week has witnessed a sharp turn in political values; and the formidable challenge of the Liberal demonstration, and of Lord Grey's impressive and uncompromising attack, has strongly stirred opinion against the Coalition. The country wants a return, in Lord Grey's words, to "wholesome, straightforward politics." It is sick of the plan to retain in power a single man, with two sets of opinions, now moulded to the pressure of the Tory machine, and now yielding to the reaction of his Liberal conscience. It knows that his new deal with the Tories over the House of Lords is just the face-saving compromise that most of his policies are; that, in fact, the Government which writes "no politics" over its door is all politics—and backstairs politics at that. And it does not trust him. There Lord Grey puts his finger on the weakness of Mr. George's Administration. Substantially we are at one with the Prime Minister's later Irish dealings and with the ameliorative scheme and intention of his European policy. Nor, much as we dislike the technique of the Georgian Conference, can we consent to put the thing itself under a ban, and welcome, with Lord Grey and M. Poincaré, a return to the old diplomacy. There is something to be said for the diplomacy of the more or



less open table; at least it has come to no such disaster as did that of the hermetically sealed Cabinet. But the time is fast coming when Mr. George can no longer pretend to deliver his bale of mixed goods in the name of the British nation.

Where, in fact, does Mr. George at this moment stand? His general conduct of affairs is open to the double criticism we have always passed upon it. He has tried to govern *with* a Coalition and *without* the House of Commons. He has failed. He has lost his election, and with it the power to mould the character and fix the future of the Coalition. Henceforth he must accept more Tory colleagues, resign more "Liberal" seats, and infuse even the weak Liberalism of his policies with more and stronger doses of reaction. For the first time in his career his genius or his luck has deserted him, and he has lost his tide. Sir George Younger's successful revolt turned masses of public, no less than of party, opinion against him, and now Lord Grey's attack strikes a hard blow at his always fortuitous ascendancy in Europe. The shock has come, we fully admit, at a bad moment for the country, and it will raise a wave of false expectation in the breast of French Nationalism. But for the Prime Minister there is a good and honorable way out. Difficult as it has become to read the mind of the country through a kept or a manipulated Press, there are sufficient signs that Mr. George's Government has forfeited its confidence. If so, it should resign. It is enough to say at this hour that its successor should be as unlike him and his Coalition as possible, for it should consist of men who are in agreement on grounds of policy and not of interest, and whose personalities and gifts inspire trust no less than intellectual respect. It is easy to find such statesmen, provided that for the moment the Liberal and the Labor Parties consent, pending an early appeal to the constituencies, to accept a moderate administration, pledged to uphold the peace of Europe and promote her economic restoration, and to restore free trade. But its first problem must be finance, which, though Mr. George does not happen to understand it, is the key to the existence of England.

### THE PAPACY AND PEACE.

THE Church has dignified the death and election of a Pope with a pomp and mystery which only long tradition can supply. At intervals of years we are reminded by these moving ceremonies what this awful office once meant to mankind. No mere dogma is half so suggestive as the pathetic usage which requires the Chamberlain, when life has departed from God's Vicegerent on earth, to tap the forehead of his mortal body with a hammer and address him by his secular name. The Vicar of Christ has ceased to be, and a new incarnation will succeed him: the dead clay is once again the body of a fallible man. One cannot contemplate these eloquent survivals without a thought of what humanity has lost. The seven years of Benedict XV. challenge that reflection. Other Popes before him had seen Christendom involved in universal war. The horror and the anomaly, however, were never so clamant when the Pope himself was a secular sovereign, and, as sometimes happened, an active belligerent. The test came in this war, as it did not when Napoleon terrorized the Vatican, the test which was to decide whether, as spiritual sovereign, the Pope had regained his moral ascendancy. The failure of the attempt cannot, to our thinking, be ascribed to any defect in the character or intellectual equipment of Benedict XV. This scholarly aristocrat, who was none the less a liberal in his tendencies, showed from the first

the depth and sincerity of his feelings; he worked with patience and persistence, and, in our opinion, with broad-minded wisdom. Both sides questioned his impartiality, and it is something of a tribute that the German Junker Press has this week written about him as unfavorably as our own *Never-Endians*. In the end his sole achievement was to bring, during and after the war, some alleviation to the miseries of the more pitiable victims of the war and the peace. He did much for the prisoners, and even more for the children of the stricken lands. In the records of these cruel years his name, perhaps, will rank with Nansen's. That is much to an Italian scholar's credit; but it is not enough for a Pope.

When one turns back now to the text of the Pope's great appeal for peace, it is easy to see why it failed. It promised too little satisfaction to the purely national ambitions of any of the disputants, and the little that it promised was contingent and vague. The war had everywhere whipped up nationalism to a frenzy, and the peace which was to come was already written, though in August, 1917, none of us knew it, in those prophetic secret treaties. The wisdom of the Pope was, in that madhouse, the most egregious folly. He was naïve enough to dream that peace was itself the best conceivable fruit for the sacrifices of us all. The bigness of his effort was this, that he started (as Mr. Wilson later meant to do) by proposing that henceforth "the moral force of right should take the place of the material force of arms." He went on to suggest "the simultaneous and reciprocal reduction of armaments," and the adoption of a system of compulsory arbitration, with "sanctions" against the disobedient. He would next assure "the liberty and community of the seas." He wiped out all claims for indemnities, though he allowed for some exceptional cases, unspecified. On the restitution of all occupied territories without reserve he was firm and precise, specifying particularly Belgium, the French Departments, and the German Colonies. The rest he left as a vague fringe to be examined in a conciliatory spirit, "in consideration of the immense advantages of a lasting peace with disarmament." He hinted at concessions from Germany to France, and from Austria to Italy, and more than hinted at the restoration of "the ancient Kingdom of Poland," but he deliberately avoided precision. His main thought is clear, and we can read it to-day with even more sympathy than we felt at the time. Peace itself is worth everything. Disarm, and provide for arbitration; restore what force has taken—the rest is secondary. We wonder just how many men and women there are who soberly think, as they look out on the world of the knock-out blow, that it was worth the effort. Mr. Wilson alone had the vision to see that the whole is greater than the parts, and peace more important than territories. But he made the mistake of allowing his allies to grab the territories, while he raised, in the deserted background, a neglected temple to concord.

The Pope's effort, had he but known it, was predoomed to sterility. The Secret Treaty with Italy pledged France, Great Britain, and Russia "to support Italy in not allowing the representatives of the Holy See to undertake any diplomatic steps having for their object the conclusion of peace." They stopped their ears in advance to the call of the Church. They left the Note unanswered, and it fell to Mr. Wilson, who signed no secret treaties, to make the official Allied reply. His note was a tremendous blast on the trumpet of moral indignation, and its theme was that there could be no quarter for the "irresponsible" German Government. His reasons for refusing to parley with autocracy are worth repeating, for, as it happens, the mischiefs which

he foresaw from such a course are exactly those which have flowed from its opposite. He foresaw that if we did make peace with an autocratic Germany, we should have to create a "hostile combination of nations against the German people"—which is precisely what we did, in spite of the fall of the Hohenzollerns. Worse still, he predicted that a premature peace with Germany "would result in abandoning the new-born Russia to the intrigue, the manifold subtle interference, and the certain counter-revolution which would be attempted by all the malign influences to which the German Government has of late accustomed the world." Could one wish for a more accurate forecast of the proceedings of Mr. Churchill and M. Clemenceau? And then Mr. Wilson went on to renounce "punitive damages" and "the dismemberment of empires," and to pray for "a covenanted peace." He lived to sign a dictated peace which dismembered empires and made of the punitive damages a *perpetuum mobile* which may keep us at strife for decades to come. The Pope was the wiser statesman, for he saw that such a peace as Christ's Vicar could bless must come without a military decision. Mr. Wilson cast his pearls before victors.

There were just two Internationals in the world in 1914 which might conceivably have stopped the war and won a happy peace. Both failed. The Church had many apparent advantages over Socialism. It could appeal to the thought of Christ. It had behind it all the subconscious appeal of ritual and outward dignity, not to mention the vague terrors of the keys which lurk somewhere in the adult's mind, if ever he trembled as a child. It could approach the world's rulers without crossing a social gulf. We have often wondered what would have happened if Benedict XV. had behaved like a medieval Pope and thundered excommunications at statesmen and warlords. He might have disintegrated the Austrian army. He might have hastened Count Hertling's fall. But we imagine there were Protestants and Turks and Orthodox enough to have fought on, not to mention the godless section of the nominal Catholics. He did what he could with moving words, wise counsels, and the subtle diplomacy of some of the faithful. He failed, and, we imagine, nowhere more completely than among the average bishops of the belligerent countries. He would have done no better had he tried the magic of ghostly terrors. There is no conclusion save the plain one that the Church has lost such power as it ever possessed to impose an international ideal on the world. The failure of Socialism was, at bottom, similar. Socialists in the mass no more believe in Socialism than Christians believe in Christianity. There are, perhaps, more numerous exceptions. In nearly every country there was a believing minority of Socialists, who really did stand foursquare against nationalism. These Quakers of Socialism may yet have a future. But in the main the Socialist

International was smashed, not by the extremism of the Bolsheviks, but by the compromises of the patriotic majorities. It was, indeed, their infidelity which created Bolshevism. There was a time when Labor everywhere, and on both sides of the trenches, had real power. It was a scarce commodity. It could make its own terms. It had to be flattered and humored. Even the Kaiser had to make soothing speeches to the workmen at Krupp's. But in every country Labor bargained seriously only for wages and hours or food. Its leaders were placated with honors, and its organizers exempted, like other sheep-dogs (notably journalists and the clergy), from conscription. It salved its conscience by talking of Stockholm and drafting sketches of a "democratic" peace. But these were never its real terms. It was satisfied with wages. With the Armistice its power to bargain waned.

Is there possible another incarnation of the international idea? Another Church, a broader Catholicism, there will hardly be. The Church which should embrace all the disputing sects would necessarily be latitudinarian in belief, and from an easy attitude to dogma there does not spring the faith which will defy Caesar, despise Mammon, and face the firing squad, or the cell on Dartmoor. If a really believing Socialist International is ever created, more comprehensive than the Third, it will assuredly aim at peace through revolution, and as surely it will bring a sword. There may be yet another possibility. Capitalism made and makes for war while it struggles on a national basis for exclusive privileges, for concessions, for "places in the sun." But how if it were to carry the Marxist process of concentration further than even Marx foresaw—to form international syndicates, which would exploit on a cosmopolitan basis? Might that not bring peace? So the late Herr Erzberger thought when he proposed that England and Germany should crown themselves with olives of endless age by the simple expedient of exchanging shares in each other's shipping concerns. If we each held a third of the other's shares in shipping we should have, he argued, a stake in each other's prosperity, and should no longer grudge each other's greatness. Mr. Lloyd George's scheme for a Consortium to trade with Russia seems to carry on the same genial conception. There certainly are possibilities in this notion. If one supposes the money trusts, the trading corporations, the oil mergers, and the shipping rings, all perfectly internationalized from the start, springing as it were ready armed from the brain of the Capitalist Zeus, the result might well be peace, though it would be a peace of strangulation for the rest of us. But it might take a few wars before the "concentration" were effected. We shall watch Genoa with much curiosity. Perhaps this is the sort of peace which our predatory society deserves. It has rejected Christ. It wants no proletarian Messiah. Perhaps profit will find out a way.

## REFLECTIONS IN INDIA.

### II.—THE PRINCE'S PROGRESS.

[BY OUR INDIAN CORRESPONDENT.]

It is easy to be wise after the event, but in this case nearly everyone was wise before it also. With the exception of the contractors and the extremists, scarcely anyone in India wished the Prince of Wales to come. The Army did not want him, nor did the Civil Service outside Simla, nor did the responsible merchants in Bombay and elsewhere, nor did the Native Rulers, whose finances are scarcely recovering from the visit of his great-uncle, nor did the educated Indians, whether

friendly or hostile to the Government, nor did the people. All agreed, whatever their politics or rank, that now is not the time for a solemn and delicate ceremonial, that the existence of the tie between England and India should not be emphasized at the moment it is under revision, that the ancient troubles and complicated sorrows of a continent cannot be soothed by sending a pleasant young man about in railway trains, all handshakes and jollity, and proclaiming in his graver moments that he is

"anxious to learn." No doubt the Prince is anxious, and no doubt he will learn, but it will be at the expense of other people. While his visit has intensified existing problems, it has also created problems of its own. His safety has to be secured, and the unfortunate Government, afflicted with Moplahs and the Diarchy and other genuine difficulties, has in addition to persuade hundreds of millions of people not to be rude. All this was foreseen, and, though apparently avoidable, has come to pass. Fate did not conceal what was written in her scroll.

Imperial pride and the will of a Viceroy are the agents through which Fate has worked. It was unseemly to our weavers of Empire that a royal progress should be twice postponed; it would look as if they doubted India's enthusiasm; it would look what it was, in fact. Prestige can only be maintained by pretending it has not been questioned. And this high logic was confirmed by the considered conclusions of Lord Reading. Whom the Viceroy consulted it is difficult to say; I am told, on good authority, that in inviting the Prince he acted against the advice of his Provincial Governors, who reported public opinion as everywhere hostile, and in accordance with the assurances of his Indian counsellors, Pandit Malaviya and others, who promised adequate success. Which account, if true, shows how little eminent Indians can know about their own countrymen; but anyhow, it is easier to believe than another account, which says that the Prince has come to India because he wanted to come. A few people argued that he came in order to announce some dramatic boon, such as was conferred by his father at Delhi—an acceptable settlement with Turkey, perhaps; but the Viceroy has pointed out that any such announcement would be unconstitutional, and that we must expect nothing from this visit but the honor of it.

It is in Calcutta that the new trouble started. The Bombay riots, terrible to the victims, did not harm the Government, because they provoked a reaction in the visitor's favor, and placed Mr. Gandhi in a difficult position. The reception at Bombay was not bad, and after it the Prince disappeared into the deserts of Rajputana, dining with the Maharajah of Rutlam, staying with the Maharana of Udaipur, who is descended from the sun, &c., all of which is easy and safe. But when he reappeared in British India, at Allahabad, a changed atmosphere awaited him, because, during his tour in the Native States, the Government had taken to repression. The day of his landing (November 17th) had, in Calcutta, been observed as a *Hartal* and as a full-dress rehearsal of the reception intended for him. Eye-witnesses—awed Englishmen—bring amazing accounts. They say that the volunteer organization was perfect, with police and permits complete, and displayed a calm enthusiasm that was very impressive, and an efficiency that could only come from careful preparation. The discovery that Indians can run a great city without European assistance filled the Calcutta merchants with dismay, and they appealed to Lord Ronaldshay. The volunteer organizations were declared illegal, and extensive arrests followed, both in Bengal and elsewhere in British India.

As a result of this firm policy the Prince, when he reached Allahabad, was greeted by five miles of deserted streets, and by scarcely any bunting. He is said to have resented the insult, and if so, it shows how completely he has been secluded from reality, for he ought to have known that such an insult was possible at any moment of the tour. The spirit of self-sacrifice in Indians is often spasmodic and temporary, but while it

lasts it is supreme, nothing can stand against it, and at the moment of writing most of the educated population is ready to go to jail. The Moderates are deserting the Government because their protests against the arrests have been ignored. Important Indian officials resign their posts, often under pressure from the zenana. The wife and daughters of a member of the U.P. Government go on hunger-strike, and his withdrawal from public life can only be a matter of hours. A man whose brother has been arrested consoles with the sister-in-law; she, and his own sisters, repulse him indignantly; there is nothing to mourn here, they say, it is those who have not gone to jail who should feel sorrow and shame. Another lady, whose husband expects arrest, tries to learn how to carry on his *Swaraj* work in his absence, although unsympathetic to *Swaraj*, and prefers to remain unguarded, when he leaves her, rather than return to the comfort of her family. These three instances (all with names attached) happened to come to my notice; there must be thousands more, proving that the women as well as the men are desperate. Heroism is common in no country, and few Indians could share, with Mr. Gandhi, a martyrdom deliberate, long-drawn, and obscure. But any Government can create heroism by foolish edicts, as Rome found when she directed the Early Christians to worship the Emperor, and the Government of India is finding in consequence of its semi-mystical parade of the Prince of Wales.

Fresh-featured and smiling, the Prince has, of course, certain human assets, and the students of Benares University are said to have been delighted with his appearance, and to have cheered when a turban was put on his head. But it is doubtful whether his jolly, democratic manner, so welcome to our colonies, will suit a land which was once the nursery, and is still the lumber-room, of kings. If royalty is to go down in India it must go down strong. The Prince's *naïf* hesitations, his diffidence, his friendly avowals of ignorance, do not produce the effect intended. Indians wish he was having a nicer time, and could have come privately for some sport; but his royal aspect is not discussed, nor has he revealed it himself in any of his public utterances. What he does or is they do not discuss; they are not interested, because he represents no tradition which they can recognize—not Alamgir's, nor Sivaji's, nor even Queen Victoria's. He belongs to the chatty, handy type of monarch which the West is producing rather against time, and of which the King of the Belgians is the leading example. It is a type that can have no future in India. If it crowned another work, if the subordinate Englishmen in the country had also been *naïf* and genial, if the subalterns and Tommies and European engineers and schoolmasters and policemen and magistrates had likewise taken their stand upon a common humanity instead of the pedestal of race—then the foundation of a democratic Empire might have been well and truly laid. But the good-fellowship cannot begin at the top; there it will neither impress the old-fashioned Indian who thinks a Prince should not be a fellow, nor conciliate the Oxford-educated Indian who is excluded from the local Club. It will be interpreted as a device of the Government to gain time, and as an evidence of fear. Until the unimportant Englishmen here condescend to hold out their hands to "natives," it is waste of money to display the affabilities of the House of Windsor.

By the time these remarks are printed the progress will be nearly over. Mr. Gandhi enjoins politeness, but his conception of politeness is not that held by Royalty, who will scarcely be appeased by deserted thorough-



fares and closed shops. Direct protests are unlikely, because the idea of abstention has entered deeply into the Indian mind. On the other hand, the methods of Non-Co-operation pass inevitably into violence; the line between persuasion and compulsion is difficult to draw; and there will be endless obscure tussles between the shopkeepers who have closed and those who want to remain open, tussles in which the authorities gladly intervene: "To protect law-abiding citizens and to enforce order." The formula and the result are both

familiar. It is sad that the pleasure of a young man should be spoilt, but it is sadder that hundreds of other young men should be in prison on account of his visit to their country. What one may call the general Indian trouble exists in any case, and is deeply and complexly rooted in the past. But this particular trouble seems the needless decision of a day, unless indeed we suppose that Fate and not volition rules the Empire, and that a rapid darkening of our stage has been decreed.

## TOWARDS AN ECONOMIC REVIVAL.

### II.—ORGANIZED *VERSUS* COMPETITIVE ECONOMY.

In the first article the view was put forward that even after a settlement of reparations, disarmament, and inter-Allied indebtedness, the free play of economic forces would not lead to a rapid recovery, but would condemn the world to twenty or thirty years of low wages, long hours, cut-throat competition, and a lower standard of life for the wage-earning masses than before the war; and that this world-wide "poverty competition" would have disastrous reactions on the state of trade and employment in this country. What reply can progressive thought give to this challenge?

#### WANTED, AN ORGANIZATION OF PEACE.

Fundamentally, the standpoint from which a constructive policy must start is that the blind economic forces which threaten Europe must and can be controlled by the exercise of intelligence, forethought, and deliberate organization. Just as an emergency plan was devised to control economic forces during the war, so now man must control his fate by an organized economy designed to save the world from the horrors of peace. Such a formula gives merely a vague indication of the drift of progressive thought; for the doctrine of hope cannot yet be crystallized in a formula. It puts forward no brand-new Utopia, nor even a logical system of reform; but at the same time it aspires to reach further than a timid tinkering with pre-war programmes. It is evolutionary, not revolutionary. It emphasizes the fact that man has evolved by progressive adaptation and not by standing still; by conscious purpose and not by automatism; and by imposing his will on the forces of Nature rather than remaining for ever the sport of destiny. A century ago the biological necessity was to free individual purposes from the dead hand of social restrictions; the biological necessity to-day is to emphasize the need for collective purposes amidst the chaos of conflicting individual purposes. The progressive rejects the negative idealism of those who believe that the pre-war economic system was designed by Providence or the superior wisdom of our forefathers; he is striving to free himself from economic superstition and ancestor-worship. At the same time he distrusts abstract reasoning and paper theories. He aspires to be eclectic, experimental, pragmatic; not partisan and dogmatic. The man of action appeals to him more than the visionary; and a tentative plan for achieving a provisional end is more welcome than a logical formula that purports to reach finality. He is not concerned with abstract justice or rights or freedom or equality, except as psychological concepts which may aid or hinder the salving of civilization. The provisional end that he posits is the safeguarding and maintenance of a civilized life for all by relatively small, and yet all-important, adjustments in the functioning of the economic system. All he seeks is an emergency plan for

prosecuting a five-years' war against famine, destitution, and ignorance with the least possible interference with the prejudices and institutions of a conservative and individualist world.

#### A WORLD (NOT A NATIONAL) PROBLEM.

The question to which, above all, the democracies of Europe demand an answer is the old one: "Why is there starvation in a world of plenty? Why, with such infinitely vast potentialities of production, are the producers idle and the consumers in want?" The mistake of many reformers has been to regard this problem as an exclusively national problem; whereas it is essentially an international, a world problem. No merely national policy, whether it be single tax, free trade, nationalization, minimum wage, or co-partnership, can save millions in this country from want and unemployment, if producers and consumers in other countries are also unemployed and destitute. Any policy that is now worth considering must, therefore, be applied to the whole world, or, at least, to the whole of Europe. What we have to consider is the possibility of substituting, on a world-wide scale, a policy of co-operation and collective planning for *laissez faire* and the tyranny of the market. It was done during the war from motives of sheer self-preservation. If the motive of self-preservation becomes insistent enough, it can be done again. If the alternative is a progressive decline in European civilization and a rapid deterioration in the standard of life of millions in this country, the rising generation will insist on an answer to the question why, if good wages, steady employment, immense productivity, and international co-operation were possible in war, they are not also possible in peace.

#### THE PRE-WAR ANARCHY.

It is no answer to young men and women of to-day to say that this is not the way to restore "normal conditions." What is there in the economic system of 1914 that we should be compelled to regard it as the normal state of human society? Why not 1814 or 1714? The world is as likely to return to the medieval guild system or the institution of slavery as to succeed in restoring the unstable economic equilibrium of the nineteenth and early twentieth century. Now that the war has demonstrated the immense productive resources of the modern world, the pre-war era strikes one as an essentially inchoate and amateurish stage in evolution, like that of a child first learning to walk. Mechanical power had for the first time in history given the human race the capacity to produce a superabundance of material things; but from sheer conservatism and lack of faith in collective organization the new power of large-scale production was a perpetual source of worry and misery.

The nightmare that afflicted workers, manufacturers, and farmers alike was the constant tendency for production to outrun consumption, with consequent unemployment and bankruptcies.

Hence arose frantic endeavors to put on the brake, to go slow, to restrict output and to "make work." The world had invented a high-powered motor-car, but had not yet learnt how to use it or keep it in order. Nineteenth-century man was puzzled and vexed by the complexity of the mechanical era. He hurt himself when he tried to control it, and he hurt himself still more when he left it alone. Encouraged by the optimists of the Manchester School, he allowed the machinery of trade and finance to grow up without any conscious design or collective purpose; magnificent factories for making useless luxuries grew up surrounded by squalid slums inhabited by sweated workers. Man became the slave of the machinery he created. This result was not due to "capitalism" or to "private property" as such; it was primarily due to the fact that capitalism was not organized, and that the owners of private property had no common plan. They were all the time at cross-purposes with one another, with no single group or combination of groups strong enough to control the course of events. Rich and poor alike were at the mercy of the same inexorable fate, which condemned the economic world to perpetual insecurity and recurring panics and slumps. Nineteenth-century Liberals believed that the greatest happiness of the greatest number was best promoted by encouraging the greatest number to compete for the greatest happiness. Pre-war Liberalism had abandoned this theory, and was attempting, without adequate resources, to mitigate the worst evils of the competitive system by social reform and legislative enactments. The task of the future is not to try to legislate into existence a civilized life for all, but to secure that the wealth-getting resources of the modern world are so organized as to provide the wherewithal.

#### AND THE POST-WAR SURRENDER.

At the present time the economic system is not supplying enough to provide the necessary basis of a civilized life for the vast majority of living men. Hundreds of millions are being slowly forced down below the pre-war standard of living—millions below the bare level of subsistence. Explanations both popular and recondite abound, but at bottom all point in the same direction. The world has abandoned the collective planning and co-operation which were developed during the war, and has reverted to the savage and aimless struggle of *laissez faire*. The pre-war competitive economy was destroyed by the war. For a time it was replaced by a consciously planned and organized economy, which, though it was imperfect and harsh, and utterly inadequate for the needs of peace, demonstrated the vast productiveness of collective effort. After the war, organized economy was scrapped, and chaos has taken its place. The Governments of the world made the colossal blunder at Paris of supposing that economic problems could be ignored, and that, after the artificial and hastily built structure of war-time administration was removed, the economic system could be left to take care of itself. The verdict of history may well be that the worst crimes committed at Paris were not the political things that were done, but the economic things that were left undone. It is now becoming clear, as a few economists and business men pointed out at the time, that it was madness to suppose that the intricate economic and financial relationships of the modern world, which had been violently distorted and twisted out of all recognition during four years of war by

the collective wisdom and unwisdom of five of the most powerful Governments in the world, could suddenly be restored and readjusted, without any central direction or common plan, by hundreds of thousands of private firms, all pulling in different directions, in total ignorance of the true facts of the situation. The utter confusion of trade and finance, and their pitiful failure to supply even the barest minimum of life to millions of civilized men, are not the fault of individual bankers and merchants, still less of employers and workers (who waste their energies denouncing one another for a state of affairs which is beyond the comprehension of either), but of the statesmen and financial leaders of the world whose imagination and insight were so gravely at fault in the early months of 1919.

### A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

SINCE the war I have seen no such rebound in politics as has followed the two demonstrations of the Free Liberals and of the National Liberal Council. The latter was an admitted failure. Mr. George was dispirited; Mr. Churchill was dull; and the Attorney-General was merely clever. The first could only snatch a semblable compromise, good to last out some weeks or months of the further life of the Coalition, out of his defeat by Sir George Younger, and the loss of his pet tactic, a snap election. The second could only pontificate. And the third had to suit his speech to the rebuff at Manchester. The resolutions looked the cooked and re-cooked dishes they were. And the elderly audience, their trip to town well-nursed and catered for, were far from the stuff which Mr. George's general's eye could take joy or comfort in.

A GREATER contrast with the Liberal demonstration it would be hard to imagine. Liberalism has been in the dumps since 1918; a single event seemed to renew its faith, and to promise a return to the old triumphs, even to the secure dominance of its halcyon days. The meeting was by all accounts wonderful. Not a sixpennyworth of expenses was paid to any delegate or attendant; nevertheless, men and women came hundreds of miles to see and hear; and their reception of Mr. Asquith and Lord Grey recalled something of the Gladstonian hero-worship. Both men were brilliant; but Lord Grey's dramatic reappearance, the unusual power of his criticism, and the response to it in minds long given over to rather despairing views of politics, have made him the Man of the Hour. I confess I read one passage of his speech—that on the French relationship—with much quietude. But the effort as a whole was a masterpiece, and in the reopened contest for the Premiership it constitutes Lord Grey the nominee of moderate England. Nothing may happen immediately. If Mr. George came back from Cannes ripe for resignation, he may be a trifle less ripe to-day, now that he has patched a peace of uncertain date and terms with a much-shaken Cabinet and Coalition, and that he hardly knows with or against what forces he may have to fight a General Election. But the question of alternatives is no longer a groping in the dark among unripe or undecided personalities. Its possibilities include a Grey Government, a Cecil Foreign Secretaryship, and, I should imagine, the attraction of notables, like Lord Milner, at odds with the Coalition, and in sympathy with one form or another of liberal thought.

I NOTICE in the "Herald" a none too candid comment on my last week's reference to the state of things in India. Let me say that its suggestion that I was acting as the "bonnet" of the India Office is false. THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM does not take its policy from Governments, and the only people I have seen or talked to about India have been men of Indian sympathies and extraction. It is indeed from Indian reformers like Sir Sankaran Nair and Mr. Sastri, and not from English Radicals, that the strongest criticism of Mr. Gandhi has come, and for a very good reason. They know that between Dyerism and Gandhism India is fast becoming ungovernable. It is beside the point to say that Mr. Gandhi would be content (as I should be) to see Dominion Home Rule applied to India. He is "up against" the idea of British Government, not merely against the bad or the passing things in it. He is for the peaceful "Indianization" of India. But when the President of the All-India Moslem Congress proposes to bring about an Indian United States by violence, what does or can Mr. Gandhi say? Much, I imagine, what he says to the Guntur district, where the Congress Committee, in obedience to his programme, has organized the non-payment of taxes, now widely prevalent in Northern and Southern India. When this happened Mr. Gandhi advised the people to "refrain from mass disobedience." The President of the Committee then said that this would detach the district from the movement. Mr. Gandhi obligingly replied that they were the best judges. How deal with this bewildering mystic? Heaven knows the danger, no less than the discredit, of any kind of repressive handling of him, even the mildest, and if he really meant to take the most liberal political settlement consistent with our remaining in India till India was ready to govern herself, the Government would do well to close with him. But there is no guarantee that he would not presently find something wicked in it. His policy is to hold up Government till it yields his dictated scheme of Indian and Asian peace, including some possible and some impossible points. On this basis a politician might "transact" with Mr. Gandhi. But would Mr. Gandhi transact with him?

BUT if the pacification of Moslem India cannot be made by ultimatum, it is a matter of urgent interest. I see but one main road to it, and that is the Greek evacuation of Asia Minor. I am an old friend of Greece, but when I heard for the first time, a few days ago, and from the lips of an eye-witness of impartial mind and great authority, the full story of the Smyrna massacre, it seemed to me to write the doom of the Greek occupation. That savage deed, perpetrated within sight and hearing of hundreds of British sailors, whose officers could hardly stop them from leaping on to the quays where their ships were moored, and avenging it, was the seed of all the succeeding troubles of the expedition. To my mind it has postponed the hopes of Greece in Asia for a generation. In the existing situation, at least, military and political, it has made the Greek army a mere cumberer of its soil.

A FRIEND with a wide knowledge of the policy of the Roman Curia writes me:—

"Benedict XV., whose lot was cast in times of exceptional difficulty, was a wise and good man. Under his predecessor, who, though he may have been good, was certainly not wise, the Church had been distracted. France had been deliberately alienated: reason and religion had been forced into open

antagonism, and a breach opened between the lay and the clerical mind. Benedict was, literally, a Pontiff, or Bridge-builder. He could not undo the past—this, the Greek dramatist tells us, even God cannot do; but he did much to reconcile opposing tendencies and temperaments, and to moderate the strife of tongues. His (it was said) was a 'taciturn infallibility': he could not withdraw, but he could be, and was, silent; he could not repudiate, but he could, and did, drop old lines and methods, and act on new. A disciple of Leo XIII. and his wise Cardinal-Secretary, Rampolla, he was not a *persona grata* under Pius X.; and his election was a protest against that Pope's intransigence. This had overreached itself. 'Avez-vous lu la dernière bulle: *Digitus in oculo?*' it was asked in Rome; and a witty prelate described the ex-Patriarch of Venice as 'un gondolier dans la barque de saint Pierre. Il la conduit à la gaffe.'

"His successor came to the throne at a time when the world-war was absorbing all other interests; it needed a strong swimmer not to be swept away by the tide. It was much to mark time and to hold his own. He did both; but his power of action was necessarily restricted; he could not arrest the flood. During the war-hysteria, which was so disingenuously fostered in this and other countries, his attitude was misrepresented and misconceived. Italian opinion was divided; and there were obvious reasons why a Pope should not desire either to see Austria crushed by Russia, or Germany by France. But it is clear that his official attitude was that of a benevolent neutral, anxious to alleviate suffering and to work for peace. He was indifferent to dramatic speech and spectacular action—the stock-in-trade of the political adventurer and the charlatan; he was interested not in the manner of doing things, but in getting things done. He got more done—both during the war, and, later, in Ireland—than is, or perhaps will ever be, known. In each case the work was difficult and delicate, and the material dealt with was intractable. But in each, though the element of *réclame* was absent, solid results were obtained."

If the "Yorkshire Post's" forecast of the Geddes report be correct, the cut in the Education grants is pretty well as drastic as it was believed to be. There is to be a 10 per cent. reduction on the Burnham scale of teachers' salaries, the continuation classes will suffer, the young children will be driven out, and, worst of all, the classes are to be enlarged. The last is a felon blow, dealt at teacher and child alike. To increase the size of the classes is to write INEFFICIENCY, in capital letters, over every school door in England. I have two remarks to make. I have heard much eloquence on this subject from Dr. Macnamara. I wait the renewal of that heroic strain. And there is the Prime Minister. It has been reported of him, to his credit, that remembering his own youth as a poor scholar, he has made a fight for the maintenance of the national school. Is this the story of his defeat?

I CAN imagine no ground of reason, even if there be one of law, for the Judges who have just confirmed the sentence of six months' imprisonment on Mr. Inkpin, the Secretary of the Communist Party. As both the laws on which Mr. Inkpin was convicted—"Dora" and the Emergency Powers Regulations—have lapsed since his first sentence, and as the unrest which frightened the Government has (as we all know) died away, the impolicy of this persecution seems sufficiently clear. But where was Mr. Inkpin's guilt? He



was not the author of the literature seized at his office (why seized when it was openly sold?); he was simply the official of the society that fathered it. The pamphlets were defences of Communism; some of them, including a history of the Spartacist movement, well known over Europe, and historically important and interesting. Why should it not be as lawful to expound Communism as Capitalism? Between them they seem to have made a tolerable mess of the public life of Europe; but I don't see why workers and intelligent people should not have full access to the argument in favor of changing one for the other.

I LAST met Lord Bryce on the steps of a London club, a very frail old man. His purpose was to further a scheme of government for the Christian peoples of Asia in the approaching withdrawal of the Greeks. I never saw and talked with him when his mind, unslaked with its incessant pursuit of knowledge and the toilsome record of a vast experience, lacked some spur to active philanthropy. Shortly before he died he told a friend that he had two books on hand, which he hoped to finish. Much earlier in life he suffered from a weak heart, and prescribed himself mountaineering for its cure. I suppose in the dictionary of accomplishments he would be set down as a great student rather than a great scholar. But what a universal course he pursued! I could fill a page of *THE NATION* and *THE ATHENÆUM* with its catalogue and fail to exhaust it. Yet Lord Bryce had no trace of intellectual pride. He thought all men as fervent for truth as himself; and would discourse to the simplest learner as if he too were an encyclopædist. I hope the Universities will devise a fitting memorial of his worth.

I HAD the pleasure the other day of seeing (at the Goupil Gallery) Mr. Hoppé's admirable new selection of his work with the camera. It seemed to me that Mr. Hoppé's photographs were just right. They were not composed so as to look like production by painting or etching, and yet in the fixing of pose and expression, in the grouping of objects, and in the use of light and shadow, they showed that the photographer's power to select types and scenes, to study their character, and to evoke their quality of beauty or interest, was that of an artist, not a mechanic. I take two portrait studies, Thomas Hardy's and Frank Harris's, in witness. Both these men's lives were in their pictures. Also Mr. Hoppé reinforces in a most artful way my memory of New York. He hangs a network of girders or a span of Brooklyn Bridge in the air just to show what fearsome things they are; while his photograph of the Woolworth building gives that wonder of the world its true measure of rich magnificence.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### VIRTUE ON A THRONE.

THERE are entanglements in human affairs so dangerously baffling as to drive men into one of three attitudes: a reckless levity that drowns care and banishes thought, a grim acquiescence in the inevitable, or a cancelment of external controls by the cultivation of self-mastery. This last has always made a powerful appeal to persons of spiritual intensity, and their example has won the admiration and regard of many who fell

short of imitation. The more spiritual religions, of course, have often sought to incorporate an attitude of withdrawal from the world for the exclusive cultivation of the soul. Historians of Christianity have commonly laid stress upon the decay of the older faiths and a certain widespread presentiment of the impending collapse of the great political structure of the Roman Empire, as potent aids to the propagation of the new religion. Having more to fear than to hope from the great mundane process, the people naturally were led to seek consolation in a life of inner perfection and the preparation for another world. It was no wonder that the new faith spread like wildfire among the servile classes and depressed peoples at the base of the ponderous social edifice. To them it brought a sense of inward liberty, a personal dignity, and that joy of spiritual communion symbolized in the love-feast.

But a more interesting subject for reflection is the appeal made by this humble and humbling creed to members of the rich and cultivated classes, who, in Rome and elsewhere, appeared to be in possession of all the world had to give, not only in material luxuries, but in the æsthetic and intellectual refinements of art, science, and literature. Gibbon and others have made us familiar with the numerous members of noble families who endured obloquy, persecution, and death for a faith so repugnant to all their traditional valuations as to seem to imply a moral miracle for its acceptance. But this, like other miracles, may yield to closer scrutiny. There can be little doubt that Christianity drew much of its early nutriment from the seeds of the Stoic philosophy. Stoicism had become popular and almost fashionable among the cultivated Roman families by the opening of the age of the Antonines. When the theory of the Porch passed by importation from Athens to Rome, it conformed to the more practical temper of the Roman by moderating its metaphysics in favor of its ethical and religious implications. It became, in other words, a rule of conduct. It is as such that it appears in the book which has taught the general public for so many centuries practically all it knows about Stoicism, the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius." It is, we hold, unfortunate that this should be the case, for neither Marcus nor the qualities and limitations of the Stoic doctrine can be thus conveyed. *Meditations* do not make a man. Psychology rightly insists that a system, whether of philosophy, theology, or economics, requires to be studied in the light of the personal disposition, environment, and career of its author.

Now just this information about Marcus, so far as it is attainable, is given with admirable erudition and with much literary charm in a little volume by Henry Dwight Sedgwick, an American scholar of unusual attainments. It has a descriptive sub-title that deserves citation: "Marcus Aurelius: a biography told as much as may be by letters, together with some account of the Stoic religion and an exposition of the Roman Government's attempt to suppress Christianity during Marcus's reign" (Humphrey Milford). Nowhere else has the spiritual problem found so dramatic or personal a setting. That the absolute monarch of the greatest Empire in history should take his rule of life from the slave Epictetus—should hold of no account power, possessions, even health and happiness, and concern himself supremely with the difficult task of "living well" in a palace, or, still more difficult, in military winter quarters—has always enthralled the imagination of mankind. But in this bare presentment, as in the *Meditations*, one is apt to be overwhelmed by the sense of straining after superhuman achievement. Such a discipline of

the will as requires us, with Zeno, to regard as "things indifferent"

"Life and death, good reports and ill reports,  
Pain and pleasure, riches and poverty,  
Sickness and health, and-such like,"

we feel is not for us. It is too high for imitation. This, indeed, is the trouble with all elevated principles of conduct treated in the void, that is, divorced from some example of an actual life. The real greatness of Marcus Aurelius consisted in the nature of his compromise with "things indifferent." In the performance of his official duties he was scrupulous and laborious; a large part of his life was spent on military expeditions (the *Meditations* were written in camp) in pursuance of the great Roman mission:—

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento."

Marcus was no kicker against the religious and other conventions which help to maintain public order and make ordinary life run smoothly. His willingness to sacrifice in the temples of alien tribal gods was neither hypocrisy nor cold policy, but a gentlemanly deference to local custom. It was precisely this scrupulous adhesion to law and convention which formally ranged him among the persecutors of that Christian faith which was nearer to the faith he held than any other. Mr. Sedgwick shows, indeed, how little ground there is for assigning any measure of personal responsibility to the Emperor for acts of repression done in his name. But, as he also indicates, the true defence of Marcus lay in the intolerance and the disruptive politics which the new faith carried wherever it spread, and in the necessity of conserving "law and order." Moreover, "Christianity, with all its beauty, all its nobility, all its consolation and comforts, has been as stern, as resolute to suppress disobedience, as cruel, as ever was the Roman Government."

But the most valuable, as the most agreeable, chapters of this book show us the lighter or easier self of Marcus in his personal relations with family and friends. It was a strange system of education in which classical literature, or more properly rhetoric, the art of graceful and persuasive expression, counted for so much. It bred an overconsciousness of style which seems sometimes strangely to conflict with the austerity of Stoic thought. But it is pleasant to turn from admonitions to cultivate "Wisdom, Sobriety, Justice, and Temperance" to the playful little letters written to his teacher Fronto:—

"Dear Master,

"I am not going to tell you how we spent our holidays at Alsium, for fear lest you be angry and scold me. When I got back to Lorium, I found my little lady with a touch of fever. The doctors say [it is nothing (?)] and if you, too, are well, I shall be very happy. Good-bye, dear Master.

"MARCUS, Emperor."

Indeed, it is very evident that to Marcus, at any rate, the Stoic faith did not imply "indifference," in the ordinary sense, to the pleasures and interests of life, or rule out health, friendship, and other joys. Such scrupulous concern as he showed in the performance of all sorts of business implies a real sympathy with the valuations which ordinary men and women set on life. And yet that sympathy appears to be in conflict with the absolutist doctrine which rules out all mundane satisfactions from the life "according to Nature." But it is in the meaning attributed to Nature that the key to the Stoic ethics is found. *Physis* presents no merely static and general conception of Nature. It is rather the spirit, the life-force, the soul of the world, the principle of maintenance and growth. Here is a principle transcending humanity, incorporated in the universe, and imposing upon each man the obligation to conform to this wider order.

So, as Professor Murray has pointed out, Nature with the Stoics comes at times very close to Providence,

the nearest approach to personal deity which Stoicism attained. Conformity with this Nature, which the good life involves, appears to require that discipline of the will, or complete self-mastery, which contemns the ordinary pleasures and denies their value. With the recalcitrant elements that war with this Nature there are, however, two ways. One is to avoid them by withdrawal, the ascetic life. The other is to conquer them and hold them in subjection. The strength and the weakness of Stoicism lies in this severance of the lower life from the higher, and the denial of all value to the former. A people like ours has never accepted the pure doctrine of Stoic philosophy, because we persistently demand that the world and the flesh shall not be expelled from, but incorporated in, "the good life." We refuse to admit that they have no value. The problem is how to admit them consistently with asserting the rightful supremacy of reason or spirit.

This ordering of values remains the supreme task of man. But happily its performance does not require all of us to cultivate philosophy. For we feel that in a sense this conscious cultivation is itself against Nature. That it hardly appears to have been so in the case of Marcus belongs to the inherent greatness of that remarkable man. The encomium which Mr. Sedgwick pronounces on him as "a very finished and noble gentleman" is scrupulously in accord with the known facts:—

"Marcus Aurelius was uniformly merciful, kind, and sympathetic; he never displayed, except where it seemed for another's good, a consciousness that he was master, with power to do as he willed; rather he carefully maintained the appearance of complete equality, *par inter pares*, accompanied by the deference that youth owes to age; he was critical of self, generous of praise, and niggard of blame; he was studious of self-effacement, eager to set others at their ease, full of *fides et religio*, honorable towards men, and dutiful to the gods; he was punctilious in all his family relations, *sanctus*, as Fronto says, to his wife. He was courteous to everybody, and it was this universal courtesy, testifying as it does to his pure and blameless heart, that endeared him to his people, and has made his name the synonym for virtue on the throne."

## Contemporaries.

### THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

To no man could the name Citizen of the World, the highest title of humanity, be more perfectly ascribed than to Lord Bryce. For no man had fitted himself more zealously for its offices. He knew our world as no other man of any age or country has known it—its external structure and characteristics, its geography and climate, its flora and fauna, and above all that most aspiring animal who holds it for his possession. He studied in books and monuments the early origins and history of the countries and peoples that survive to-day with an omnivorous curiosity, and his "Holy Roman Empire" was an early and lasting fruit of his erudite precocity. But though he had every aptitude for the life of literary and legal learning to which in earlier manhood he partially adhered, his keen and living interest in mankind drew him more and more away from absorption in books and historic origins into that intimate acquaintance with the public life of many peoples which was his chief distinction. A few other men have travelled as extensively as he, have been as well acquainted with the externals of many lands and cities, but none has travelled so intensively. For wherever he went, was it to his favorite Switzerland, land of romantic attachment, the Balkan countries, Asia Minor, South Africa, or the Americas, he carried that power of skilled and ordered questioning, based on knowledge already stored in a capacious and reliable memory, which is the key to travellers' learning. To know what you want to know, and where and how to get it, is the secret. It is no easy acquisition. It requires great physical as well as intellectual endurance, the well-directed pertinacity of a tough, erudite Scotsman, who will let no stranger go until he has blessed him by imparting some fragment, at least, of local information, to be



placed by the recipient to a particular account in his intellectual bank-book. But how far removed Lord Bryce was from the promiscuous collector of travellers' information is known to all readers of the books in which he has communicated to the world the fruits of his researches. Sixty years of such a life, losing no time and missing no opportunity, directing his inquiries now to some new and urgent human situation in the Near East, now to the unique problem of South Africa, or to some fresh upboiling in the political cauldron of South America, present a larger contribution to our general stock of knowledge of the world in which we live than any other man has rendered.

But to treat him as a uniquely competent and well-equipped student and writer is to ignore his rare personal qualities. Even to those who know him only from his books he was more than an author. He was a standard man whose integrity of judgment and steady, powerful sympathy and understanding of the struggles of mankind for security and progress were plain vouchers of the truth and worth of his record. No man has so worthily represented to the world the best traditions of nineteenth-century British Liberalism, with its two guiding principles of free nationality and popular self-government. For though we have styled him citizen of the world, he never sacrificed to this broad calling the particular allegiance to his own country and the formative ideas it has contributed to the universal cause of liberty in social institutions. For instance, though his intimate knowledge of American life, as displayed in his "American Commonwealth," has made his name for several decades a household word in every educated American home, it has always remained a chief use and value of his work that it was a British and a foreign estimate. Two generations of Americans have learnt to know themselves better than had otherwise been possible by the judgments of this distinguished foreigner. So highly was Lord Bryce esteemed in America, both as a writer and a man, that sometimes, indeed, they would pretend that he was wholly removed from the category of foreigners by the terms of his acquaintance. But in truth there is no single type of American to which Lord Bryce even approximately conformed. His standards of valuation, his moral principles, his intellectual methods, his personal contacts, were all conspicuously un-American. There are whole classes of Englishmen far more akin to the ordinary Eastern-city American in essentials, and even in externals, than was the great historian of modern America. For this reason certain qualities and defects of ordinary American life, as, for example, the pervasive humor of a particular type, and the equally pervasive intolerance, never received from him the full attention they deserve as indices of character.

But detailed psychology was never his real quest. Though he was always quick with passing observations upon character, it was character as revealed in concrete behavior. He was distinctively an inductive thinker, almost to the extent of being classed as a "behaviorist," learning what people are from what they do—the only way for those who do not claim some powers of intuition, which Lord Bryce would have been the last to claim. To his great task, the comparative study of political institutions, he brought the interpretative aid of strong, enthusiastic, but not distorting, liberal principles. This was not a political philosophy so much as an ethical creed. Lord Bryce was not greatly concerned about the ultimate nature of sovereignty, the general will, or the true functions of a State, though he occasionally glanced at these speculative theories. Behind all his studies lay the practical consideration: "In the different environments and cultural conditions in which peoples are placed, by what political institutions and methods can they move most securely and with least corruption toward freer self-government?" In many ways his career and work are a great vindication of what we call Gladstonian liberalism, because of the stress it lays on personal liberty and little nationalities. For among the many striking judgments in his last great work, "Modern Democracies," nothing stands out more conspicuously than his conviction that the social nature of man functions best in small communities. Safety is only to

be found in small numbers. Great Empires are usually corrupt, and often fatal to that personal liberty which is the foundation of civilization. Federal experiments and devolution of powers may go a certain way towards abating the dangers, but, according to the evidence, Liberty plumps for the small State, a Holland or a Switzerland, or a New Zealand, and to the last the forcible absorption of small communities, like the Austrian Tyrol, was a subject of his most passionate protest.

The shock of recent events has staggered for many the faith in democracy. But never for Lord Bryce. His ultimate faith was sustained by his knowledge of the slow, manifold growth of institutions in which popular power and control were constantly expanding, so that even such a staggering blow as that dealt by the Great War passed from him scatheless. For a brief moment he might permit himself to speculate upon the possibility that "an Ice Age may await the mind of man." He remained keenly alive to the grave risks to which democracy is subjected by the conjoint operations of political and economic oligarchies, but his faith in common sense and the rationality of man, operative through the bonds of general interest and well-being, always carried him through. A matter of temperament and principle, this almost naive faith in the people is as much the real touchstone of his liberalism as it was of that of Abraham Lincoln. He did not really gather this faith from history, but from the spiritual demands of his own nature. His close comprehension of the difficulties and depths to which these human experiments are exposed greatly enhances the value of his testimony, at no time so much needed as this to sustain the flagging spirit of humanity. "No Government," he writes, "demands so much from the citizen as Democracy, and none gives back so much. Any free people that has responded to the call of duty, and come out of a terrible ordeal unshaken in courage, undimmed in vision, with its vital force still fresh and strong, need not fear to face the future." What he taught others he performed himself. The outbreak of the war drove him into no timid spectatorial attitude. It braced him to fresh and large endeavors. Through the winter of 1914-15 he acted as counsellor and leader to the little group of men who set themselves to plot out the first scheme for the internationalism which could furnish the only substitute for war in settling the disputes of States. His was the formative mind in this earliest draft for a League of Nations, to be adopted slowly, piecemeal, and half-heartedly, by the statesmen of the Peace. Had the consummation of this supreme task of humanity been placed in the hands of a Lord Bryce, with the time and energy to utilize in its performance that unrivalled authority his wisdom had acquired for him in America, and even among the European doubters, the world might have been a far less dangerous place to live in than it is to-day.

We have spoken of his great public services as teacher, traveller, diplomatist, and statesman, leaving unrecorded (for a just record is impossible) the unique impression of moral and intellectual grandeur made by his personality on all who knew him. He has passed away full of years and honor, the man who had attained a wider and more varied experience of life than any other of his age in this or any other country. And to the last of his days he kept unabated his indomitable energy of mind and body and his enthusiasm for humanity, based on a richer knowledge of its past and present than any other has possessed.

## Communications.

### TURKEY AND ENGLAND.

To the Editor of *THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM*.

SIR,—Perhaps your readers may be interested in the views of a Turkish friend of mine—who is in close touch with the present rulers of Turkey both at Constantinople and at Angora, and is a student of history—on the present relations



between our two countries. He faithfully reflects the attitude of thoughtful and cultivated Turks as I came across it during the past year at Constantinople—except, perhaps, in this, that he clings to the hope of an understanding, while most of his compatriots have become convinced that Great Britain will not give the Turkish nation a fair chance to live.

My friend's position in his own country—difficult enough during the war, for he has been well known as "English X—" at Constantinople for years—has become far more difficult since the Armistice. He deserves a hearing here, for the influence of public opinion on the Government's policy in the East will ultimately prove whether or not his unwavering attachment is better justified than the hostility which is now unhappily the more ordinary feeling among Turks towards England. I append his letter.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

"I do not want to put forward a defence of Turkey's past treatment of her subject populations, or of her intervention against the Allies in the war. There are two sides to most questions, and no doubt we are acutely conscious of our side, just because we feel that it is never put before you when you sum up against us. You hear about every misdemeanor of our Government against Greeks and Armenians; you do not hear how foreign Powers—especially pre-revolutionary Russia—stirred up our non-Turkish population against us in order to promote ambitions of their own. Of course, the Armenians were victims, but so to a very great extent were we.

"Again, you are told that our intervention on the side of Germany in 1914 was an ungrateful return for the services which France and Britain had rendered to Turkey against Russia for a century past. I will not deny it, but remember how difficult a situation your *rapprochement* towards Russia had created for us. You offered us integrity, but what real guarantee could you have given us against a victorious Russia who was your ally? Also, your representative at Constantinople had treated us very coldly at the time of our Revolution (1908), when we were full of enthusiasm for England and English ideas, and this had given German diplomacy an opportunity of which it did not fail to make use. So the policy of our Union and Progress Committee Government in 1914 was not inexcusable, though undoubtedly it was short-sighted, for in the face of a victorious Russia, England and Turkey would have been drawn together again, and you would at least have done your best to preserve our existence.

"But I am less concerned to defend what our Government has done in the past than to explain why we consider that your Government has treated us unfairly since the Armistice. Whatever your just grievances against us, you have been more than indemnified by acquiring control of Palestine and Mesopotamia, and we have been sufficiently punished by losing all our Arab provinces—nearly half our former Empire. That we were prepared for. In signing the Armistice we knew that we should lose all the territories which you had occupied up to that date. But—imagining that you would make a peace-settlement on President Wilson's terms and that we should be left the territories where our own nation is in a majority—we were not prepared to see you send the Greek Army, six months after the Armistice, to Smyrna, and allow it to massacre civilians in the city, and advance, destroying life and property, into the interior.

"The landing of these Greek forces at Smyrna was the origin of our Nationalist movement in Anatolia. Since you supported the Greeks, we were forced into fresh hostilities with you, and finding ourselves pressed hard by both Greece and the Entente, we were driven back automatically upon the support of Russia. Thanks to your help, all Western Anatolia is now in the Greeks' hands, and there have been widespread atrocities against the Turkish population. Can you wonder that most of us are embittered against you, or that we catch eagerly at any favorable features in the policy of Italy and France?

"Now if your Government are determined to destroy us, there is nothing more to be said. I imagine that you are strong enough to do so. But is this so clearly and so absolutely in your interest? And unless you have the strongest

reasons, do you really mean to deprive our nation of the chance to live? You need not destroy us in order to obtain guarantees for the freedom of the Straits, the security of minorities, and the safety of Mesopotamia. I can assure you that we can offer you guarantees if you will give us the opportunity to discuss them with you. Only do not set Greece upon us, who is not yet capable of giving good government to dependencies or of spreading Western civilization among subject populations. Whatever you may think of our government over non-Turkish nationalities, the Greeks have done no better during the short time that they have been experimenting upon us. They are not our superiors, and unless you believe in the law of retaliation (which was not the expectation which you gave us when we made the Armistice) you ought not to set them over us.

"Do not be implacable, and you will not find us intransigent. You can get no satisfactory settlement by driving us to despair, and by creating among your Moslem subjects a feeling that, through us, you are striking at Islam.—Yours, &c.,

"AN OBSERVER IN THE EAST."

## Letters to the Editor.

### A POLITICAL PARADOX.

SIR,—To those of us with any first-hand knowledge of the true political orientation of the Russian anti-Soviet groups abroad, the persistence with which French diplomacy, with the feeble blessing of certain elements in this country, has hitherto pursued a hostile policy towards the Moscow Government must seem amazingly fatuous.

As we understand it, the "White" policy of our Poincaré and Winstons is largely dictated by the desire to create a Greater Poland which should serve as a buffer State between Germany and Russia. That being so, it is very puzzling to understand how the advocates of this policy can logically reconcile the same with simultaneous support of "White" counter-revolutionary movements. Admitting that the absorption of Lithuania by this Greater Poland is a *sine qua non*, however prettily camouflaged, of these French designs, the absorption of Greater Poland by Greater Russia surely is not. And yet anybody familiar with the avowed intentions of the anti-Soviet Russian groups outside Russia is aware that they are, irrespective of other party cleavages, united in their hatred of Poland and their resolve to square accounts with her sooner or later for the woes which she has, in their opinion, helped to visit upon their native land. Papers of such widely varying complexion as "Golos Rossii," the Kadet and Liberal organ in Berlin, "Obshchee Dielo" and "Volya Rossii," the mouthpieces of the Russian Socialists in Paris and Prague respectively, denounce Poland for filching White Russia, Eastern Galicia, and part of the Ukraine. As for the Russian Monarchists, Clericals, Black Hundred, and other retrogressive groups, who recently flogged in Serbia, they have openly adopted a resolution declaring that Russia must be restored within her pre-war boundaries.

Surely the inference is clear. No love is lost between Poland and Soviet Russia, we know; but at least the latter has actually recognized the former within her legitimate boundaries. Those boundaries, however, do not overlap Eastern Lithuania, now forcibly and unlawfully held by Polish troops, together with Vilna, the Lithuanian capital. Should it not, then, be the aim of far-seeing French statesmanship, if such exists, to curb Poland's excessive appetite in this direction, instead of, as at present, encouraging it, and at the same time to discontinue its hostile intrigues against the Russian Government which has recognized the independence of both Lithuania and Poland?

The restoration of the old régime in Russia, so quaintly beloved of French Republicanism, while it might achieve the object of obliterating Lithuania, which French policy would fain realize through Poland, would also sooner or later be crowned by the obliteration of Poland herself, whether Great or Small, whose perpetuation is the corner-stone of French foreign policy. *Verb. sap.*—Yours, &c.,

PUZZLED.

## FRENCH POLICY IN SYRIA.

SIR,—In his letter on "The French in Syria" (THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, December 31st, 1921) "Mid-East" is quoting General Gouraud with reference to the division of Syria into *four free States*. This division may properly be ridiculed. But has the French policy of dismemberment at least limited itself to this number? It has not. Syria consists at present of six, if not seven, separate territorial units. Besides the four free States enumerated in the above-mentioned letter, there is the region south-east of Damascus, known as Djebel-ed-Druz, which has been set up as an independent Emirate. In the North, the fate of the city of Alexandrette and its "hinterland" is now, after the cessation of Cilicia, still in the balance. It will certainly, however, not be annexed to the backward province of Alawiya, nor will it provide Aleppo with an access to the sea. There remains yet the region of the Upper Euphrates down to Deir-*ez-Zor*. An announcement has recently appeared in the Syrian Press that, this area now being free of the rebels, it is intended to establish there a separate administration. To speak of six or seven "free States" in Syria is obviously absurd. General Gouraud wisely ignores these details.—Yours, &c.,

M. SHERTOK.

## A GOOD DEED.

SIR,—There are not so many good deeds in this naughty post-war world that you will not be interested to hear of one.

The Russian refugees still in camp at Sidi Bishr, near Alexandria, recently formed a committee among themselves to consider whether they could assist in any way the Volga famine relief work. They are all practically destitute, or they would not still be in the camp. Finally, they proposed and put to the vote of all the refugees that for a period of two months they should ask to be allowed to underdraw 10 per cent. of their rations, the saving thus effected to be remitted by the military authorities in charge of them to the Famine Relief Fund. Of the 485 people in the camp, 352 voted for the measure of self-denial, about half the remainder of the opinions not being recorded from one cause or another.—Yours, &c.,

R. J. MOREAU.

## POVERTY AND HAPPINESS.

SIR,—In THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of January 14th, Mr. Maurice Hewlett declares that "the happiest nations have always been the poorest nations," and cites as examples Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and Belgium.

Holland is, I believe, one of the richest countries in the world in proportion to its population, and there is so much money in Switzerland that its owners do not know what to do with it. A few months ago the Canton of Vaud issued a loan of 14,000,000 francs, and 160,000,000 francs were subscribed. Moreover, Switzerland is the only country where gold now circulates freely, with the result that even the dollar is below par on the Swiss exchange.

The poorest nations in Europe are probably Austria and Russia. Mr. Hewlett should pay them a visit and see for himself how happy they are.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT DELL.

## ROBERT FERGUSSON AND ASYLUMS.

SIR,—Perhaps you will allow me to supplement your observations on Robert Fergusson contained in "The World of Books" for December 10th, 1921. Fergusson, one of the three greatest Scottish vernacular poets and the model for Burns, came of good family and was educated at St. Andrews University, but he inherited that form of mental and emotional instability known as *cyclothymia*, called by the French in its more extreme manifestations *folie circulaire*. In one phase of his character he lived for a period in the depths of despair; he then suffered from remorse, reproached himself for his sins, real and imaginary, and lost all interest in life. From this he passed for a longer or shorter period, weeks or months, or even longer, into an elated mood; ideas brilliant and original then surged through his fertile mind, life was full of joy and interest for him, and he indulged in all the pleasures that it offered

him, which were few enough. Many of our poets have possessed a similar disposition, and their biographers have had great difficulty in reconciling their notorious excesses with the strong evidence that also existed of their deep religious feelings. Burns himself was a notable case in point, for he passed through four or five depressed periods during which he composed some of the finest religious pieces in the English language. It has not occurred to these biographers, owing to their ignorance of abnormal mental states, that these conflicting and contrary tendencies were not jumbled up together like a half-shaken mixture of oil and water, but alternated in phases or periods of varying order and duration like the mixture when it has been allowed to settle into two separate layers. These alternating moods are often as sharply defined and as different from one another as the two lives of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

The elated phase of one of Fergusson's moods overstepped the limits of sanity, and he passed into wild, maniacal excitement, and for his own sake, as well as for that of his widowed mother with whom he lived, he had to be removed to the city Bedlam. This was apparently effected by subterfuge, but who can blame those who removed him in their desire to avoid an exhibition of maniacal fury at his mother's house? The elated excitement subsequently passed, as it usually does, into the phase of depression in which he died from exhaustion.

The care he received was most inadequate, and his accommodation was cold, cheerless, and primitive to a degree, but he was not forgotten or neglected by his friends. His physician was Dr. Andrew Duncan, afterwards a Professor in the University, who was so impressed by the necessity of providing better care and accommodation for persons like him when suffering from mental disorders, that, when he became President of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, he started in 1792 a scheme of voluntary subscriptions for founding the Royal Edinburgh Mental Hospital at Morningside, which has since become so well known. From Fergusson's sufferings and death, good has, therefore, come to mankind.

Burns, to his everlasting honor, frankly acknowledges his poetic indebtedness to Fergusson. The latter did not possess Burns's genius, his sure comprehension, nor his all-embracing humanity; he may have been the more cultured of the two from his university education, but his vernacular contains so many more lost or unfamiliar words than Burns employs that he is read with greater difficulty by the present generation. He has many beautiful passages and ideas, and surely no one ever expressed more tenderly, yet briefly and accurately, the mental failure of old age than Fergusson in "The Farmer's Ingle" (the obvious parent of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," as you truly say), in the line:—

"The mind's ay cradled when the grave is near."

GEORGE M. ROBERTSON,

The University, Edinburgh.

Professor of Psychiatry.

## Poetry.

## THE STAG.

OH, not in indolence  
Or listless dream is beauty born,  
But with a sudden violence  
Out of the heart 'tis torn.  
Where winds are loud in the sky,  
And crests fling white from the deep,  
There, beauty hurrying by  
Flashes.

—A stag, on the steep  
High hills where the light first shone  
Into its eager eyes,  
So bounds across the dawn,  
Startled, in bleak surprise,  
To hide his baughty head,  
Where inaccessible  
The rocks that none dare tread  
Baffle the passionate will.

R. N. D. WILSON.

## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

## THURSDAY.

A GREAT burst of activity in the new capital market was the feature of the early part of the week. Apart from the initiation on Monday of the new series of 5 per cent. Treasury Bonds, to which I drew attention last week, the same day saw the issue of £30 millions of 3 per cent. Local Loans stock at 57, and, not to mention some minor issues, the offer of 2,000,000 8 per cent. first preference shares at 21s., and 600,000 ordinary shares at 65s., by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. It is a very remarkable sign of present conditions in the City that both the Local Loans issue and those of the Anglo-Persian were heavily over-subscribed almost as soon as the lists opened. These enormous applications, moreover, produced no visible effect upon the gilt-edged markets, whose buoyancy continued. From these facts two main points emerge. The plethora of funds available for good investment emphasizes the low ebb of the demand for financial accommodation by current trade; and secondly, the huge applications for new scrip reveal the process of "staggering" in its most exaggerated form. It would be interesting to know what proportion of subscribers really applied for just the amount that they wanted to get and to hold. Probably it would be small. This process of "staggering" is from many points of view objectionable, and it is not in the interests of the real investor. But it is inevitable in times like these, and it suits borrowers very well, including among them the State. An atmosphere of eager expectation and fierce competition is engendered, where high-class issues are concerned.

## QUOTATIONS OF RECENT ISSUES.

It would be strange if "staggering" were not at its height just now, for in recent months those who have persistently applied for stock with the purpose of unloading at a profit have done very well. The great public demand for Government and Corporation stocks has enabled them to play the game very successfully, and a representative list of such issues during recent months shows that in every case issue prices have been largely exceeded by subsequent quotations. Here is a list:—

Name of Security.	Amount. £	Issue Price.	Amount Paid.	Present Price.	Rise.
Commonwealth of Australia 6% (1931-41) ...	5,000,000	96	Fully	100	4
Do. Do. ...	5,000,000	97	£5	7	2
British East Africa (Kenya Govt.) 6% (1946-56) ...	5,000,000	95	Fully	100	5
India 5½% (1932) ...	10,000,000	93½	£13½	13½	½
Nigeria 6% (1936-46) ...	3,000,000	97	Fully	101½	4½
South African 6% (1930-40) ...	6,000,000	96½	£61½	64½	3½
South Australia 6% (1930-40) ...	3,000,000	96	£5	7½	2½
Straits Settlements 6% (1936-51) ...	5,155,000	97	Fully	100	3
Western Australia 6% (1930-40) ...	3,000,000	95½	£35½	37½	2½
New South Wales 6% (1930-40) ...	3,000,000	95½	Fully	99	3½
Ceylon 6% (1936-51) ...	3,000,000	97	Fully	101	4
Local Loans 3% ...	20,000,000	52	Fully	58½	6½
Port of London 6% (1930-40) ...	2,000,000	96	Fully	102	6
Croydon Corporation 6% (1937-47) ...	500,000	99½	29½	33	3½
City of Auckland 6% (1945) ...	400,000	94	Fully	98	4

It should be noted Local Loans issue of November last was priced at 52 and has now risen to 58½, whereas the issue so quickly snapped up this week offered at 57. The rapid appreciation of certain issues above par raises a point which trustees should carefully note. Where a stock that is redeemable within fifteen years rises above par trustees may not buy it. By this clause they are precluded from purchasing to-day some of the recent Colonial loans. Something of a lull is now expected in the borrowings of Colonial Governments. But in spite of this, the new capital market is likely to remain busy, for a number of large industrial issues, the

proceeds of which are to be employed both in home industry and Colonial development, are said to be in contemplation.

## LEADING BANKERS' VIEWS.

A complete record of Bank balance-sheet figures is not available at the moment of writing. But the season of London Bank meetings, which provides the opportunity for reviews of the economic and financial position by our leading bankers, was opened yesterday by Barclay's. To-morrow, Mr. McKenna will discourse at the meeting of the London Joint City and Midland. At Barclay's meeting yesterday, Mr. F. C. Goodenough struck a note of tempered optimism. "The grave difficulties we have encountered have, in my opinion, left us with fundamental conditions sounder than they were a year ago. There is still much to be done, but it is to the good that prices have fallen substantially, that considerable stocks have been liquidated, that profits and wages have gone some way on the road towards a sounder economic basis, that the credit position is easier, and that a more suitable monetary policy has been adopted." But the great gap in the world trade circle, represented by Continental impoverishment and chaos, remains. To the European problem Mr. Goodenough devoted his powers of lucid analysis, and declared that "this country must take the lead." Mr. Goodenough's eye is not blind to the evils of inflation, but he advocates, if I read him rightly, expansion of credit for the purpose of preparing for production and trade. His advocacy of reparations revision was somewhat guarded, but he acknowledged that the problem turns "not only upon the ability of Germany to pay, but also upon the world's ability to receive payment according to the plan as it now stands." He dwelt upon the need for tax reduction, and City interest is kindled by an important passage on monetary policy. "Now that a policy of cheaper money has been accepted," said Mr. Goodenough, "there seems no real reason why rates in the London market should, as a matter of policy, be kept higher than rates prevailing in New York, and we may gradually see the way towards greater independence and to a return, at all events from time to time, to the old conditions when the London rates were as a rule practically lower than New York rates." Incidentally, experienced observers in New York are, I notice, predicting a further decline in discount rates. Mr. Goodenough looks, also, for a continuance of the present tendency towards approximation between gold and sterling prices, and thinks that "monetary deflation, with the object of reducing sterling prices to the level of gold prices, may prove to be unnecessary." This is an exceedingly interesting view which, at first sight, appears to leave out of account the great demand for American raw materials for our industries, which would be bound to accompany a trade revival. But doubtless so shrewd an authority as Mr. Goodenough has not overlooked this contingent exchange factor in framing his very deliberate conclusions.

At the meeting of the Bank of Liverpool and Martin's, Mr. Edward Paul laid stress on the need for the establishment of peace, and the removal of tariff barriers. As to reparations, he said:—"Settle the amount of Germany's reparation at a figure which she ought to pay, but which she can pay; fix the method of payment so as to cause the minimum of disturbance in the foreign exchange market."

## FLOATING DEBT REDUCTION.

The National accounts show that last week nearly £48 millions reached the Exchequer from sales of Treasury Bonds. Revenue itself exceeded expenditure, so that a reduction of £58½ millions was made in the floating debt, which is now as much as £204 millions lower than it was this time last year. A minor, but important, point in connection with national finance is brought up by the passing of the preference dividend by the Dyestuffs Corporation Ltd. The Government has over £1½ millions of the taxpayers' money invested in this concern on which no return has been received. This is one of several unfortunate industrial investment ventures by the Government with public money. The Government's Anglo-Persian Oil investment is one of the most successful of such ventures.

L. J. R.





# THE ATHENÆUM



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## The World of Books.

AN American correspondent, Mr. Norman Stuckey, who was moved to write to us first because of occasional references here to Thoreau, has been good enough to send us some pictures of Walden Pond, and an account of a pilgrimage to Concord and a tour of its neighborhood. He suggests that admirers of Thoreau, here and in America, might unite to form a society which should show its gratitude to an original mind and a master in English literature by maintaining his grave in a right way, and in marking it with a fitting memorial once a year. The following is his very interesting letter.

"It was night when I reached Concord, having spent the day in Boston, where I saw and held in my hands a page in Thoreau's handwriting from 'A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers.' I registered at the Colonial Inn, part of which was built by Thoreau's father. After supper, I explored the village. I expected to find Concord a quiet, sleepy village, but I was disappointed. While Concord has the earmarks of a village, it is really a good-sized town. The streets were thronged with motor-cars; their flashing headlights and screeching sirens did not harmonize with the mood I expected to experience, and I returned to the Inn and went to bed.

"THE next morning, a dismal rain was falling. After breakfast I visited Sleepy Hollow Cemetery and located Thoreau's grave. The Thoreau family occupy a plot on the crest of a hill. The graves are overshadowed with tall elms. A large stone records the entrances and exits of the Thoreau family into this world, and each grave is marked with a small stone. Not more than six feet from Thoreau's grave is the grave of Hawthorne. The Hawthorne plot is surrounded by a hedge, and outside this hedge is a wire fence. By peeping through this fence I saw the two stones that mark the grave of America's greatest novelist. Two stone memorials of Hawthorne's wife and daughter, who were buried in Kensal Green, London, have been placed not far from Hawthorne's grave. Leaving Thoreau's grave, I went down the hill a short distance, where a rough, granite boulder marks Emerson's grave.

"It was raining quite hard when I left the cemetery; and having heard that some of Thoreau's

books were in the public library, I went there. Here, in a glass case, I saw a page from Emerson's essay on 'Culture,' and a copy-book of Thoreau's opened at a page of his essay on 'Walking.' While Thoreau's handwriting is large, Emerson's is still larger. In a bookcase I saw several volumes of Thoreau's, and, after much debate with the librarian, she consented to open the case. Here were first editions of Thoreau's books, 'Walden' in several editions; but what interested me most were Thoreau's own books, 'Quinti Horatii Flacci Opera,' with Thoreau's signature in the front. I also saw two volumes of a Spanish-English Dictionary with Thoreau's name on the fly-leaf. In a corner was Thoreau's tripod which he used when surveying. I understand there is a Thoreau Museum or collection of Thoreau's possessions at Middlesex School, but as the school was closed I was unable to verify this.

"ABOUT eleven o'clock the sun appeared, and hiring a bicycle, I cycled out of Thoreau Street towards Walden Pond. Ascending a hill (Bristle's Hill), I came to a road which led in the direction of the pond, whose gleaming surface I could see through the trees. I looked in vain for the site of Thoreau's hut, and coming across a party of bathers, I asked them if they knew where I could find Thoreau's cairn. None knew. Cycling about, I came to another road, and finally reached an opening in the woods. The air was heavy with the fragrance of towering pine trees, and except for the panting of a locomotive on the opposite shore of the pond, it was blissfully silent. Wandering about, I came to Thoreau's cairn, a heap of stones resembling a pyramid that admirers of Thoreau have piled there, marking the exact spot where he had his hut. The hut was located not more than fifty yards from the shore of the pond. I followed the path down to the water, the very path that Thoreau himself had often trod, and here I met a fisherman who had read 'Walden.' This fisherman told me that county engineers had lately been checking up the boundaries of the town, and they found that Thoreau's surveying had been remarkably accurate.

"THE fisherman tied up his boat and departed, and I was left alone. Except for a few trees that fire had destroyed, the surroundings were wild and primitive. After having a drink of water from the pond, I went back to the cairn, and mounting the top, I observed the country on every side. Why Thoreau did not build at the edge of the pond is what I can't understand, but he probably loved the solitude of the woods, and over fifty years ago it was even more primitive and wild than now. That afternoon I again visited Sleepy Hollow, where two barefoot boys offered to 'guide me to the noted graves.' One of my guides said his grandmother had worked in Hawthorne's house; the other guide said 'his grandfather dug the hole they put Emerson in.'"

## MOLIÈRE AND MODERN FRANCE.

ONE of the speakers at M. Donnay's recent *conférence* in London on Molière is reported to have remarked that:—

"M. Bourget had said that the secret of Molière, Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe was that these men incarnated their respective nations. He wondered if that were the case. He observed in M. Briand, M. Clemenceau, and M. Poincaré, who were proclaimed representative Frenchmen by the democratic selection of the whole of the French people, many very remarkable qualities, but it had never struck him that any of them had a striking resemblance to Molière."

It is piquant to find the Irish Molière, after the piercing analysis of his own national temperament which he has given us in the preface to "John Bull's Other Island," thus questioning whether his French prototype was equally the man of his nation. And it seems especially strange to assign to Molière, of all French authors, a super-national universality which might plausibly (we do not say justly) be attributed to Racine. Among other commentators on the Tercentenary there has been an eager desire to compare Molière with Shakespeare, one of the most profitless literary exercises imaginable. Those who honestly prefer the steady flame of this lamp of classic workmanship, darting its keen rays into every recess of the noble chamber where it burns, to the chequered splendors of the sunshine as it plays upon an infinite landscape, may be left to set the French above the English poet. Yet, in dismissing a comparison which Molière cannot sustain, we perceive, besides the difference in capacity, the deep-reaching differences of national temperament, and wonder again that anybody should doubt them.

One curious and instructive point is the contrast between Shakespeare's and Molière's use of the *commedia dell'arte*. It is, of course, to be expected that Molière, carrying on his affairs cheek by jowl with the Italian comedians in Paris, should have made a more liberal use of the Masks and the plots which they were introducing to Europe than did Shakespeare, who knew them in a less intimate fashion. Yet Shakespeare had a passion for Italian things: he understood what a pantaloon was, and a zany, and a bergomask, and it is hard to think that he created Ancient Pistol without some reminiscence of "Il Capitano." How is it, then, that he never drew on the rich and tempting stores of the Comedy of Masks for any piece at all resembling Molière's "Don Juan, ou le Festin de Pierre"? Surely the underlying truth is, that the types of the *commedia dell'arte* represent in their fixity a criticism of life which, however shrewd and keen, is too summary, too final, and too pitiless for our vague English instincts. (When we did adopt them it was to make picturesque fairies of them.) Each of the Masks—Doctor, Captain, Pantalone or the Magnifico, the roguish servants, Harlequin and Brighella—is an attempt to embody a certain social element, presumed to be unchangeable, and part of the natural order of human existence. Hence the Masks are immortal and impassable, while Shakespeare's freakish creatures, out of joint with all times, all places, and themselves, are most pitifully liable to suffering and death. The one set of characters proceeds from a stable and self-conscious philosophy, the other from a mind and nature "perplexed in the extreme." Malvolio is shut up in the madhouse, Falstaff dies of a broken heart in poverty and squalor, Nym and Bardolph dangle from the gallows, but not all the celestial and infernal powers can vanquish Sganarelle. Earth may gape fiercely and swallow Don Juan, but the eternal valet is not even singed. Society, that can dispense admirably with the debauchee and the hero, can never afford to owe Sganarelle his wages. "All which," says that self-deceiver, Hamlet, "though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down." But the French, on the contrary (and have they not a right to be proud of it?), hold that honesty consists precisely in setting it down—their statesmen just as much as their comic poets.

This illustration of Molière's habit of mind, chosen at random, serves to reveal the truth which Faguet

grasps so firmly in his admirable little study "En Lisant Molière," the truth that Molière is the great *bourgeois de Paris*. Faguet adds that he is also essentially the man of his age, a *bourgeois* of the golden days of Louis XIV. That is perhaps less important, for *le roi soleil*, after all, was but a transitory embodiment of an undying French ideal. Faguet himself provides the formula of this *rêve éternel*: it is *un pouvoir très fort, qui ne soit pas bête*. What do we read at the climax of "Tartuffe"?—

"Nous vivons sous un prince ennemi de la fraude,  
Un prince dont les yeux se font jour dans les cœurs,  
Et que ne peut tromper tout l'art des imposteurs."

As is the Prince, so is this most glorious of his subjects. He, too, is not to be fooled by anyone's professions—even his own. Molière has been accused of being *toujours du parti des voleurs*, but that is not so. If he is at pains to show the stupid *bourgeois* that he will become the prey of thieves and sharpers unless he looks to his ways, that is a service done to the gendarme. But Molière, who would be ashamed not to aid in capturing the thief, would also feel himself a humbug not to own that the thief has probably the best of the theoretic argument. We must read and re-read that marvellous piece of philosophy, "Don Juan," to understand Molière's view of life, a view so complex in its implications, so simple from the centre of his own vision. He is not on the side of Don Juan. What! Admire a man who cheats women with mock marriages, seduces nuns from their convents, gets into the most humiliating scrapes for want of moderation and self-restraint, and commits the crowning infamy of giving away the "religion of all good men" by bragging of his atheism! These are, emphatically, things that are not done. Yet Don Juan might be worse. He might believe in the evidences of theism as propounded by Sganarelle (*sc.*, all the divines who have written on the subject); he might still add to his vices devoutness (*sc.*, hypocrisy).

It has been much discussed whether the grand thesis underlying all Molière's work is not the return to nature from the multiple affectations of the world, the Church, and the learned professions. But what the preacher is really inculcating is the *sens social*, that rough-and-ready summary of life's lessons which an honest and keen-witted *bourgeois* takes for his ten commandments. Nature is only admitted in these plays as far as the *convenances* allow, though Molière, the candid friend of the *bourgeoisie*, warns them that the more heed they give to nature—for instance, in dealing with their children—the more smoothly the wheels will run. And with what a delicious candor he knows how to present the best side of *bourgeois* life! How sweetly Henriette in "Les Femmes Savantes" speaks up for an old-fashioned marriage against the taunts of her high-brow sister!

It will perhaps be felt that there is nothing distinctively French in the *bourgeois* ideal with its restraints and its prudences, but what is distinctively French is this ennobled form of it, the  *finesse* of appreciation, the reasoned acceptance, the freedom from hypocrisy. It would not be easy to name a great writer who had cleared his mind of cant so completely as Molière. There is no nation in the world that would not be purged and invigorated if it took the sharp medicine that Molière offers. But we agree with Faguet that the snare to the typical French virtues lies in the limitations of Molière's philosophy, and that "tout ce que Molière repousse, c'est une certaine générosité, une certaine élévation d'esprit et de cœur, un certain idéal." It is possible to have too much good sense. And that seems to bring us back to the eminent representatives of France named in the speech we quoted at our opening. We are told that they do not resemble Molière, but is he not the key to their statecraft?—

"Ah, mes gages! mes gages! Voilà par sa mort, un  
chac en satisfait. Ciel offensé, lois violées, filles séduites,  
familles déshonorées, parents outragés, femmes mises à  
mal, maris poussés à bout, tout le monde est content; il  
n'y a que moi seul de malheureux. Mes gages, mes gages,  
mes gages!"

Was nothing like that heard at Washington and Cannes?

D. L. M.

## Reviews.

## THE SCIENCE OF HEREDITY.

**The Mneme.** By R. SEMON. Translated by L. SIMON. (Allen & Unwin. 18s.)

**Hormones and Heredity.** By J. T. CUNNINGHAM. (Constable. 24s.)

THE public may be excused for feeling a little bewildered at the multiplicity of theories professing to reveal the mechanism of inheritance. Darwin's theory of pangenesis; Weismann's determinants; Lamarck's theory of the inheritance of acquired characters; Mendel's factors; Morgan's chromosomal genes—these are but a few of the contradictory host.

The appearance of these two books, the one summarizing its author's mnemonic theory of heredity, the other postulating hormones as a link in the hereditary chain, may serve as a text to hang a sermon on. The sermon shall be on the difference between hypothesis and theory. A hypothesis is a possible explanation; a theory is a construction which has been tested step by step against the facts.

In a difficult subject, when facts are few, most speculations are of the nature of hypothesis. In the fashionable phrase of the moment, they open avenues to be explored. Later, some hypotheses perish, others live and evolve on the rough but nutritious diet of accumulating fact. Once this has happened, new hypotheses should not be too lightly advanced; they do not compete on equal terms with those that experience has strengthened.

In the early years of the century the hypotheses of these two authors could have claimed equal attention with the young hypothesis of Mendelism. Since then, however, the plain fact of the matter is that the problem itself has changed. When Darwin was working, the whole subject of heredity and variation was wrapped in such mystery, hidden behind so many veils of ignorance, that any theory which could serve as a formal explanation of the facts was welcomed. Darwin's own pangenesis falls into this category. The intellectual strain of wrestling with a vast army of un-co-ordinated facts, always puzzling, often in apparent contradiction, made him cherish his theory—ingenious, but stillborn—for the mental relief which it afforded. Some further facts had accumulated in Weismann's time, but his theory of determinants is almost entirely a theoretical and formal construction, designed to satisfy the mind, not the still unknown reality.

To-day, thanks to Mendel, Bateson, Correns, Baur, Morgan, and a host of other experimental workers, things are on a very different footing. We are in a position to make verifiable assertions about the physical basis of heredity. Our problem has not become simpler for that, only more definite; we at least can see what needs doing next.

It will be as well to run briefly over present views, for only so can it be seen why we must dismiss both Semon and Cunningham as marksmen who, however well they aim at their targets, are making the rather important error of choosing the wrong target.

It is now clear that in all higher animals or plants the physical basis of heredity consists—entirely or chiefly—of separate units, the so-called hereditary factors. Their exact nature we do not yet know; they may be single living molecules, or groups of such molecules. At any rate, they have the fundamental property of living things—growth and self-multiplication. These units behave in hereditary transmission according to the laws discovered by Mendel, or, rather, according to the modifications of those laws made known by the researches of Bateson, Punnett, and Morgan—to mention but three names—upon linkage.

It is important to note that more and more characters, quantitative as well as qualitative, small differences as well as great, are proving to be due to such factors; we can already say that inheritance by other methods is an exception; and it is safe to prophesy that over 95 per cent.

of the hereditary characters of higher organisms will be found to be due to these Mendelian units.

Later work, especially that of Morgan and his school, has demonstrated to most biologists' conviction that these units are lodged in the chromosomes, those bodies which execute such remarkable quadrilles at cell-division and gamete-maturation. What is more, each factor is situated at a given spot, in a given chromosome, with given bedfellows to right and left. A chromosome map can be made for an animal whose hereditary constitution is well known, and we are brought face to face with the possibility of finding a structural formula for each organism's hereditary constitution. In brief, we are confronted in this hereditary constitution with a piece of organic machinery of a hitherto undreamt-of complexity and orderliness. It consists of at least several hundred, probably several thousand, kinds of living substance, whose relative proportions and position are constant; the constancy persists from generation to generation, apart from the reshuffling due to sexual reproduction.

We further know that variation may occur in the hereditary constitution, and that the most frequent form of variation—certainly in the laboratory, almost certainly in nature—is a change of definite amount in one single unit, a change which is known as a mutation. Mutations may be small or large in amount; the smaller have probably played the greater rôle in evolution.

The question of the inheritance of acquired characters is now seen in a different light. The unit-factors, by their interaction with each other and with the environment, give rise to the adult organism. Mutations in the factors give rise to inherited variation. So far, no one (with a few doubtful exceptions) has been able to cause mutations at will. The problem now before evolutionary biology is to discover how this may be done. Some assert that if this is effected, it will mean the triumph of the Lamarckians. It will, as a matter of fact, mean nothing of the sort. True Lamarckianism must imply that alterations, more especially adaptations, due to voluntary effort or to non-recurrent factors in the environment, will somehow impress themselves upon the constitution, so as to reappear, possibly to a lesser extent, in later generations, and in the absence of the effort or the environmental change that originally produced them. Inheritance by Frenchmen of power to speak French, of fleshy leaves by seaside plants, of large muscles by blacksmiths' sons, would come under this head.

Modern Lamarckians are changing their tone, and asserting that any change induced in the hereditary constitution by changes in the body or in the environment acting through the body is an inherited acquired character. So it may be; but not at all in the sense in which Lamarck, or Darwin, or Herbert Spencer, or Romanes used the term.

It is becoming time to drop, on the one hand, this inksplilling, hair-splitting controversy, and on the other to refrain from putting forward theories which lack experimental evidence, in order to concentrate forces for a more rapid advance upon the central position, whose solution will give us unparalleled control over life.

Let us see how the books before us look when judged by these criteria. The late Professor Semon's work contains much that is interesting on the nature of memory, and in respect of this has won the approval of such a critical thinker as Bertrand Russell in his "Analysis of Mind." But the analysis of memory is for Semon only subservient to his main thesis—that heredity is, in a real sense, a form of memory, and that just as in memory, through association, part of an original stimulus can bring out the whole original response, so, when a change occurs in one generation as a result of external or internal stimulus, anything associated with this stimulus can produce a similar change in a later generation.

In criticism of this we may say first—as Bateson has pointed out—that to explain heredity by memory is to explain the less by the more complex; that this, in view of the extremely scanty and often dubious evidence, is a very risky thing to attempt; that Semon fails to distinguish properly the two types of memory whose existence is emphasized by Bergson and Russell—habit-memory and true memory of single events; and that the bulk of known fact is against it.

Cunningham, on the other hand, advances a perhaps more plausible and certainly most ingenious theory. He



takes for granted the existence of Mendelian units in the chromosomes, but supposes that they can be acted upon by hormones, of which he assumes the existence of an extremely large number. He even supposes that the hypertrophy of some particular region of the body—*e.g.*, of the scalp, when ancestral sheep or goats butted—will produce a particular hormone which will act on the hereditary constitution in such a way as to affect this region alone in the next generation, and to affect it in the same way as the butting affected it.

The answer to such theories, however ingenious, however logically complete, is to ask the author to produce his hormones and his results experimentally. That hormones may act upon the chromosomal factors is quite conceivable; but there is so far literally no evidence that they ever do so.

(2) There are other defects in the book. The author often discusses subjects in a way which would lead the reader to suppose that they had not been fully discussed by others, whereas really they have been thoroughly thrashed out elsewhere (for instance, the subject of the rôle of the sex-chromosomes in sex-determination, or the origin of dominant mutations). He discusses the problem of mutation in *E. coli* without mentioning Renner, who has given us a satisfactory solution on neo-Mendelian lines. He does not seem to have read the brilliant work of Morgan on insect gynandromorphs; in discussing antlers in deer he omits to mention the adaptive transference of antlers to both sexes in the reindeer; his views on somatic differentiation of sex in birds are really in contradiction with his own views, and not a clear statement of the facts; his statement as to the abdominal appendages of Crustacea (p. 167) is unjustified, since they are modified in the female for carrying the eggs; and his statement as to the extent of Morgan's work on the fruit-fly *Drosophila* is unpardonably below the mark.

There are, however, interesting facts—for instance, as regards the coloration of flat-fish and the plumage of the wonderful long-tailed Japanese fowls—in the book, and interesting points of view. It deserves to be read by naturalists who like to see the gleanings of an energetic mind. In the same way, Semon demands the attention and respect of all those interested in the manifestations of memory throughout organic nature and in their analysis. But both fail as theories of heredity, because they do not face the facts which have to be faced. They go too far along lines where evidence is lacking (and speculation correspondingly easy); but scarcely help the crowd of workers who have decided that another quite different line is the most favorable. If there are disciples of Semon, let them repeat Kammerer's experiments; if Dr. Cunningham demands a hearing, let him produce hormonal modifications of heredity under experimental conditions. There are no short cuts to the acceptance of theories in natural science.

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Austen can enjoy Mrs. Meynell's essay "The Classic Novelist," and can hardly dispute the fairness of the criticism: "We know that Miss Austen will make of her personages good sport for her reader, her sense of derision being equal to that of her own kin, the original Philistines." The allusion in these last words brings one abruptly to a great difference between these two essayists. Mr. Lynd is very well read, and however much he may protest his ignorance, it is only that he is human and forgets; but he is more direct and less scholarly than Mrs. Meynell. He is, too, both by style and temperament, more ambling, has a more naïve pleasure in the odd, out-of-the-way things he has acquired, and is anxious to share them with you. He would never insinuate a parallel as does Mrs. Meynell. When she is almost severely concentrated, he is expansive; when she writes with studied reticence, and is very sparing of personal allusions, Mr. Lynd chatters about his garden, his birds—for he makes the very finches his own—his books, even his cat. Mrs. Meynell in her volume is primarily concerned with books and that world of imagined people; Mr. Lynd with the daily affairs of himself and his fellow-men. Yet, with all these differences, the reader feels strongly that Mrs. Meynell has a deep sense of the folly of any art which is not rooted in life, and that a world without culture and letters would be a very dull affair for Mr. Lynd.

Never has Mrs. Meynell written better than in some of these essays. Her pure style has solidity, something of the beauty of sculpture; the perfection she achieves has been hewn out of stubborn material. It is a great pity that she became, for a time in the 'nineties, subject to the febrile admiration of a not very virile or intelligent clique. It was no fault of hers, and no art was less susceptible to the canons of that feeble æstheticism than hers; but critics who were unduly enraged at the decadents unfairly neglected Mrs. Meynell. She has since been coming into her own; and a new generation of critics is unaffected by old recollections of "Yellow Book" days. Her learning, her acute feeling for poetry and for words—evidenced here by a charming attack on the base elements in Gibbon's style—are what we expect (and rarely get) from those who occupy professorial chairs; and she writes in a style and with a personal conviction and experience that no professor can rival. Take this from the essay "Superfluous Kings," in which she laments the passing of kings because of the beauty Shakespeare wrought out of the idea of kingship:—

"He confronts us with the uttermost of pride of life in the royalty he sings; confronts us—no, rather brings us to our knees before the arrogant splendor he conceives:

'Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze.'

"It is the pride of life and the pride of death. Only hand in hand with a queen does Antony venture on the prophecy of that immortal vanity. If to him are given the most surprising lines in any of the tragedies, it is only as the lover of a queen that he has the right to them. To him is assigned that startling word, the incomparable word of amorous and tender ceremony—"Egypt."

'I am dying, Egypt, dying.'

"That territorial name, murmured to his love in the hour of death, and in her arms—I know not in the records of all genius any other such august farewell. Lear's word is outdone here. Lear is a king in every inch of his aged body, but Cleopatra a queen in every league of her ancient realm. Has not majesty spoken its one unexpected word in the mouth of such a lover?"

That is fine writing on a fine theme, however much one may differ from part of Mrs. Meynell's thesis. For instance, is it not conceivable that Antony's "Egypt" was but a tender and half-ironical tribute to one whose empire had long departed from her—as if some one had called Mary Tudor "France," or if to-day the prisoner of Doorn were addressed as "Prussia"?

The most charming of Mrs. Meynell's essays are those on poets. She has here a very wide range. It needs a singularly subtle and generous mind to appreciate Dobell, Beddoes, Joanna Baillie (in her comedies), George Darley, and George Meredith. On the last-named Mrs. Meynell writes with more enthusiasm than can be shared by most of us. She seems unaware of the very serious difficulties which are to be found in Meredith's philosophy, difficulties much more acute than those she recognizes in Browning. If Browning can be said to have denied fear—though it is hard to recon-

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"Even the dyspeptic forgets his doctor's orders in the excitement, and chases oysters down the narrow stairway of his throat with thick soup, follows thick soup with lobster, and lobster with turkey, and turkey with a savory, and the savory with a *pêche Melba*, and at the end of it will not reject cheese and a banana, all of this accompanied with streams of liquid in the form of wine, coffee, and brandy."

We believe it is excitement at his own menu, not the memory of some disorderly cuisine, which has made Mr. Lynd misplace that savory. There is no author who can be proxy for us so cheerfully and competently as Mr. Lynd. He is the lazy man's essayist. Do you want to go to the Derby? Do you want—strange desires haunt the best regulated—to garden? Would you care to catch herring? Are you anxious about the reasons of the egg? Then read Mr. Lynd. There is none of these things he will not do better for you than you can ever do yourself. He never tells you how to do a thing: he does not exactly tell you how he does a thing. He takes you with him, somewhere in his ticket-pocket, and the thing has happened to you with a vivid reality that belongs to few of your own personally conducted affairs. You can even read him with pleasure when he is praising cats—he makes the mistake, inevitable in a philocast, of giving to his cat the praise due to yours, but he does give it fitting honor.

Mr. Lynd's style is one of the best familiar styles in English. He is, as we have said, more expansive than Mrs. Meynell; but he never deviates into the deadly drip and drizzle of the "popular" essayist; he never assumes the smile by which men try to convince you that they have forgotten they once lectured by the Cam. He is as delicate in his way as Mrs. Meynell in hers, and will insert a dart of displeasure and satire as he passes. He is inveighing against fly-papers:—

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"There's not a breathing of the common air  
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He exaggerated." Yet Mr. Lynd is no pourer of cold water. He enjoys life and its accidents with the avid curiosity and gusto of the really sensitive man, who is not to be persuaded that all the excitement and splendor of life belong only to the large and magnificent things in the world. If he dethroned a king, he would do it not out of dislike of kingliness, but in order to uphold the essential kingliness of the ordinary man, and to insist on the ordinariness of even the greatest of kings. He desires us to see wonder in all the small neglected things of this earth, and so brushes away a little of the awe which attaches itself to our more customary grandeurs.

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feeling. The Allies in 1813-1815 were faced with just the kind of situation which faced the Allies in 1917-1919. The whole political fabric, and the economic and social foundations, of Europe had been destroyed by the great war, and the statesmen of the Great Powers had first to lay their plans for, and then to accomplish, the rebuilding of States and the establishment of a just and lasting peace. For a long time the part which British diplomacy, in the person of Castlereagh, played in that reconstruction was misunderstood and even misinterpreted, but gradually in recent years the researches of less biased historians have revealed the main lines of his policy. A vast mass, however, of the official documents lies unpublished in our Record Office, and the ordinary student could not therefore follow in the confidential dispatches the inner history of the great settlement. Now Mr. Webster publishes in this volume a large number of these dispatches, and we have the fascinating and melancholy privilege of watching Castlereagh, the Emperor Alexander, Metternich, Hardenberg, and, later, Talleyrand slowly and laboriously working at their daily task, which was to be completed in the Treaty of Vienna. Fascinating because no play or novel can surpass history in its drama or in the strange and subtle psychology of the real human being. Melancholy because of the cynicism with which history shows us how much the world and its statesmen forget and how little they remember—how they have learnt less than nothing from Napoleon's great war and the century which followed it; so that in the Treaty of Versailles they have repeated, with greater efficiency and on a larger scale, a great many of the follies and mistakes of the Treaty of Vienna, while committing a dozen others which Castlereagh's wisdom and foresight avoided.

Again and again in these dispatches Castlereagh is dealing with just such a problem as Mr. George a year or two ago was facing round the table with Mr. Wilson and M. Clemenceau. It is impossible not to reflect that if Mr. George had only acted on Castlereagh's principles, fundamentally unsound though they were in certain points, the Treaty of Versailles would not have proved the most monstrous abortion which the wisdom of statesmen has ever produced to cheat the hopes of their confiding subjects. It is true that Castlereagh was as blind to some of the great forces which were shaping the world around him as was M. Clemenceau. His blindness was, too, of precisely that perverse and erratic nature which distinguished the Allied statesmen at Versailles. While the war was on he saw quite clearly the new forces which the Revolution and the war itself had loosed in Europe, and he deliberately availed himself of them for his purposes. He wrote to Cathcart in 1813: "It is become a contest of nations and not a game of statesmen, and he will play into Buonaparte's hands if he deals with it upon any other principle"; and again in the same year he wrote to Aberdeen that the war was not "a war of terms" or "a question of territory," but "a war of national independence." Yet when he came to sit at the table of the Peace Conference he continually ignored this fact, and drew the main lines of his territorial reconstruction upon those principles of the balance of power, strategic frontiers, and "barriers," which proved the curse of Europe for the next hundred years. No one can read the attack on his policy by Sir James Mackintosh in the House of Commons on April 27th, reprinted as an appendix to this volume, without feeling that the verdict of history is on the side of Mackintosh, when he urged that the "people of Europe were roused to war to overthrow tyranny" and "to re-establish the independence and restore the ancient institutions of nations," while the peace settlement only served "to shift" tyranny "into new hands" and "to strengthen the right flank of one great military Power and to cover the left flank of another."

But, though Castlereagh's principles of territorial reconstruction were unsound and anachronistic, his policy in other respects was singularly enlightened and fair, and he pursued it with great skill and firmness. His one object was to re-establish peace in Europe, and he refused absolutely to allow any motives of gain, glory, or revenge to deflect him from it. "It is not our business," he wrote in a dispatch to Liverpool in August, 1815, "to collect trophies, but to try if we can to bring back the world to peaceful habits"; and no incident



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**Notturmo.** By GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO. (Milan: Treves. 20 lire.)

LEOPARDI, who believed self-love to be the mainspring of human action, says somewhere that a poet need never be afraid of writing of himself, since the subject will interest him so profoundly that he cannot fail to interest his readers; and this is even more true of D'Annunzio than it was of Leopardi. "Notturmo" contains passages which will make all but the most enthusiastic admirers of D'Annunzio feel a little uncomfortable. We need only mention the pean to the glory of his own wound at the beginning, or the return to those strange hierophantic allusions to the New Testament which become more frequent towards the end, as when the bells of Easter Saturday cause him to liken himself to Lazarus, pinned down as he is on his bed of suffering, with a bandage round his head, though there is no one to bid him arise and come forth, and he is obliged to remain motionless, controlling his longing to get up as best he can. But there are parts of it which deserve to rank with the best things he has ever done in prose—with the "Contemplazione della Morte," for instance.

As is well known, "Notturmo" was written to relieve the mental agony of the weeks when the doctors kept D'Annunzio in bed with his head lower than his feet, in the hope of saving his eye. Since he was totally blind and the  *pudore dell' arte* has always made it impossible for him to dictate, "Notturmo" was written on long strips of paper cut for him by his daughter Renata—La Sirenetta, as he calls her here—the Florentine girl with the exquisite voice who tends him so devotedly. We are thus able to follow the ceaseless workings of D'Annunzio's extraordinarily active mind, stimulated by suffering and by his enforced physical idleness. Or perhaps it would be truer to say of his imagination; for D'Annunzio is always the sensuous poet, and he deliberately repeats, with additional emphasis, an earlier sentence of his own which has often been quoted as containing his gospel:—

"Life is not an abstraction of appearances and events, but is a kind of diffused sensuality, a knowledge offered to all the senses, a substance good to smell, to touch, to eat."

Naturally, there is hardly an aspect of D'Annunzio which does not find expression here, though the fierce fire of sensuality of his early years has now nearly burnt itself out. There are moments when he appears almost to be rambling, but the ideas which are uppermost in his mind soon begin to stand out. It is, of course, the fighting man rather than the poet who is here before us—the man whose words have at last become deeds. He is haunted by his war memories; by his own escape from the death in the air for which he had longed; and above all by the death of his pilot, Giuseppe Ammiraglio. His mind is continually turning to his dead comrades and to the island cemetery of Venice, where so many of them

are buried. Then there are the memories of his mother, who died during the war, and the admirable visions of his home in Pescara which she calls up. These include his earliest acquaintance with death, when, seated in the roomy old family ceremonial carriage, he watched his father in the neighboring stable trying in vain to save the life of his first pony. Particularly beautiful, too, are the Versilia memories. It is impossible not to be moved by the picture of his wandering off at night "solo come un solitario amante" to the Aventine, after his first speech in Rome, to breathe once more the very breath of the great city which has inspired some of his best work after five years of exile, and of his emotion at the sight of the first firefly.

D'Annunzio is a very human invalid. He cries out for just one hour's relief from "questo supplizio delle visioni, questo martirio delle apparizioni orrende," which never leave him, though they bind his eyes. Here is his description of the effect of the salt water which the doctor injects into his eye as if he were filling an aquarium, knowing nothing of the miracles he is working:—

"Oggi nel fondo la vita marina è meravigliosa. Mi si scava nella coppa retinica un abisso oceanico, non so che gorgo d'oceano siderale dove m'appariscono contorni della forma sconosciuti e modi del colore non anche rivelati da alcuno spettro."

"Che son mai le sirene, i tritoni, le nereide e tutte le invenzioni del mito nettunio al confronto di queste creature indicibili che popolano gli immensi miei orti di coralli, le chiostre dei miei giganteschi polipai petrosi?"

He records even his irritation at the dripping of the bath tap, at the wearisome song of the thrush, or the never-silent bells of Venice; and, naturally, the poet of "La Pioggia nel Pineto" is alive to every note in the falling of the spring rains. The friends who play to him in the adjoining room are a great comfort. The prelude of Scriabin actually reawakens the poet in him for a moment. And he listens to the learned discourse of the musician who is a connoisseur and collector of violins, as eagerly as to the talk of the comrades who come to visit him, and whose visits have such a disturbing effect upon him, cut off as he is from the fighting he loves. But nowhere is he more human than in his relations with his daughter Renata. He listens to her reading her favorite poems from the "Vita Nuova," or watches her asleep on his bed after her Easter visit to the cemetery, and recalls how he spent the night walking up and down with her in his arms during the crisis of the illness which nearly carried her off when a baby. It is she who accompanies him on his first visit to the garden, where the ideas called up by the insect eating the heart of the rose recall a well-known passage in Leopardi's "Pensieri."

"Notturmo" is hardly a book to read through. Of necessity it has something of the character of a note-book, though the marvellous wealth of jewelled imagery that flows from D'Annunzio's pen—he himself tells us here that it was often enough for him to lift it from the paper to lose the thread completely—makes it impossible for him ever to be caught in his shirt-sleeves. Yet as we read we inevitably fall under the old spell, however much he may repel us at times, though it is more intermittent than in books written under normal conditions.

L. C.-M.

## Books in Brief.

**Novissima Verba: Last Words.** By FREDERIC HARRISON. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

WE do not believe these to be the last words of Mr. Harrison. While he retains the gift of delivering impetuous judgments with measured words, he will never refrain from its rejuvenating exercise. He is as interested as the youngest in the passing show, and his comments upon it are often as wrong-headed as a youth's (but a youth, we feel, who has not passed through our terrible day). Ex-President Wilson he blames for the ruin of Europe. He imagines that Wilson dominated the Conference: instead of making peace he "led the nations and their leaders to discuss his vague scheme of a Pacific League." Mr. Harrison protests that the "vast

# DESTINED TO DIE.

The following letter has been sent to us by one of our workers in the famine area of Buzuluk, Samara :—

"We Russian mothers who are destined to die this winter from starvation and disease, implore the people of the whole world to take our children from us, that those who are innocent may not share our horrible fate. We implore the world to do this because, even at the cost of a voluntary and eternal separation, we long to repair the wrong we have committed in giving them a life which is worse than death. All of you who have children or who have lost children, all of you who have children and fear to lose them, in remembrance of the children who are dead and in the name of those who are still living we beseech you! Do not think of us; we cannot be helped. We have lost all hope, but we shall yet be happy with the only happiness that a mother knows, in the knowledge that her child is safe."

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burden of the League of Nations is thrown on England and France." He is dissatisfied with the Peace Treaty, but it is not possible to discover what he would wish in its place: one can but think, from his angry strictures on the forlorn effort to mix a little idealism with that ruinous pact, that he feels it was not sufficiently severe. Yet he objects that the poems of Thomas Hardy take a too hopeless outlook! "My philosophy of life," he says, "is more cheerful and hopeful." That these notes were written as monthly commentary in a review may account for the unsteady outlook. In March, 1920, having read Mr. Keynes's book, he agrees with its main conclusions, but he still blames Wilson: "He infected France, and then British good sense succumbed. And in the hullabaloo of the Peace Celebrations real facts and hidden dangers were hidden away and overlooked. We were hoodwinked. I know that I was." Which makes it difficult to see what Mr. Harrison did gather from Mr. Keynes's book. His comment on the election of M. Millerand to the French Presidency is: "The establishment of a statesman of tried authority in the French Republic is a happy omen for the peace of Europe and for the union of our two great nations." He rejoices in the immense improvement in the lives of working people, but is annoyed because trade unionism is not what it was in 1867. But few things are what they were in 1867. One of the exceptions is Mr. Harrison, who can still please us with the range of his scholarship and the youthful vigor of his diction.

**Social Freedom: a Study in the Application of the Ethics of Jesus to Modern Social and Industrial Problems.**  
By MAURICE L. ROWNTREE. (Friends' Bookshop. 2s. 6d.)

THIS booklet by the son of the late Joshua Rowntree, M.P. for Scarborough, has been written at the request and with the co-operation of the members of the Friends' War and Social Order Committee. Soon after the outbreak of war in 1914, the Committee was appointed by the Yearly Meeting of Friends "to investigate what connection there is between war and the social order, to encourage the study of the question, and to consult with those Friends who have been led, owing to the War, to feel the need of a personal readjustment of their way of life." Its activities during the past seven years have included the holding of conferences and the preparing and publishing of papers and books, amongst which is another by Mr. M. L. Rowntree bearing the title "Co-operation or Chaos?" Its most practical work is found in the rendering of help to groups and individuals amongst the Friends, particularly to employers of labor, in their study of social problems. This little book on Social Freedom is its latest publication, and is in the main an elaboration of the Eight Points which were drawn up in 1918 by this Committee and adopted by the Yearly Meeting. Its argument, which may therefore be considered as an official confession of the faith of the Society of Friends, is summed up in the seventh point: "Mutual Service should be the principle upon which life is organized. Service, not private gain, should be the motive of all work." Mr. Rowntree's study differs from other social and political handbooks by the prominence which it gives to the needs of man's spiritual nature, and its recognition of the spiritual basis of all successful efforts at social reconstruction. "One, who as the world's supreme lover was also its supreme ethical and religious genius, has already laid these foundations truly." What Jesus himself understood by the Kingdom of God, whose proclamation formed the core of his social message, and by what practical endeavor and self-denying service this Kingdom may be set up in England, is the problem which Mr. Rowntree, and with him the whole body of Friends, have pledged themselves to solve, with courage and hope.

**George III. and the Constitution.** By A. MERVYN DAVIES.  
(Milford. 4s. 6d.)

MR. DAVIES's book contains nothing that is original or startling; but it is a useful summary (astonishingly well written for an undergraduate prize essay) of a very complex period in constitutional development. Mr. Davies does well, moreover, to point out that the decline in the overt power of the Crown does not necessarily mean its complete eclipse. Here we have been led astray by Bagehot's facile description of Queen Victoria's widowhood. The truth seems to be that the King has lost the power to coerce, but that

his advice is still something to be weighed most carefully by a Prime Minister of insight. Mr. Davies goes with thoroughness into the different aspects of the reign; but it is a pity that, in expanding his essay, he did not diverge a little into the pamphlet literature. He would have found, for instance, in the Nonconformist political tracts of the time, a depth of democratic fervor which quickened the merchant's consciousness of economic power. Nor does he seem to realize that the use of legislation as a definite maker of change is almost entirely due to Bentham. The latter was the real destroyer of the system for which George III. stood sponsor; and the depth of his influence becomes the clearer the more carefully the period is studied.

**Joan of Arc,** by R. B. INCE; **Prentice Mulford,** by EVA MARTIN; **Jacob Boehme,** by W. P. SWAINSON. (Rider. 2s. each.)

SHORT biographies of famous mystics, with accounts of their achievements and of the times they lived in. Of necessity they are inadequate, but they will serve their purpose if they direct the attention of readers to larger works. Mr. Ince pays more attention to Joan of Arc's "voices" than he does to what the Maid accomplished at their prompting. He has no doubt that Joan possessed the faculty of second sight and telepathy. He thinks M. Anatole France has done violence to the facts in explaining the voices as the result of fasting and devotional practices.

## From the Publishers' Table.

MR. SHAW has written, in the shape of a preface to a book on prison administration, to which Mr. Stephen Hobhouse and other victims of it contribute, a vigorous and, need one say, a long indictment of the whole system.

A WAR book, long in preparation, which should prove one of the most interesting of the many regimental and divisional histories, and to be published shortly by Mr. Heinemann, is "The Royal Fusiliers in the Great War." The historian is Mr. H. C. O'Neill, who already has written probably the best and certainly the biggest one-volume story of the war. We think the Royal Fusiliers grew to more battalions during 1914-1918 than any other regiment in the Army, and Mr. O'Neill's task must have been very onerous. We have long been looking for a really good story of a regiment or a division in the war, something typical, something epic, but so far have been disappointed. We trust it is coming now. As a rule these histories are done, if not written, by committees of generals and colonels, and nothing more need be said about them than that. They are meant for divisional circulation only, and apparently what satisfies most subscribers is the mention of their own names in the story.

THE Cambridge University Press will shortly publish a volume of Oriental studies on subjects connected with Arabic, Persian, and Turkish literature, to be presented to Edward G. Browne, Sir Thomas Adams's Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, on his sixtieth birthday. Forty-three of his fellow-workers and pupils have contributed to the volume, which is edited by Sir T. W. Arnold and Dr. R. A. Nicholson.

THE ardent correspondent who lately saw a tinge of Blake in Isaac Watts has sent us a note or two on the Oxford edition of Coleridge's mundane poems. "The section," he writes, "of Metrical Experiments implies that the compositions are Coleridge's own. Two, however, are not. 'When thy Beauty Appears' is the beautiful song by Dr. Parnell—see his 'Poems,' Aldine edition, 1833. 'Songs of Shepherds and Rustical Roundelays' is a confused borrowing from an old song called 'Hunting the Hare,' which I imagine to belong to the period of Corbet.

"FURTHER, I have not seen any printed allusion to a tolerably evident resonance in 'Kubla Khan'—if it is not

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*Issued by the Imperial War Relief Fund (Registered under the War Charities Act, 1916).*

counted impiety to scrutinize that sibylline leaf with minuteness. But consider Collins's ode 'The Passions.' The scenery is not worlds remote from that of Coleridge's vision. 'That deep romantic chasm' is of Collins's predilections. Collins has:—

'Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,  
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay. . . .'

Do I not hear that again in Coleridge's—

'Through wood and dale the sacred river ran. . . . ?'

'The mingled measure' occurs in 'Kubla' a few lines lower. Collins's 'But O! how altered,' &c., and Coleridge's 'But oh! that deep romantic chasm,' at least heighten the chance that the 'Passions' was an influence in the mind of Coleridge, besides 'Histories of Hindostan' and 'Travels in Carolina.'

THAT bookseller of specialists, Mr. Francis Edwards, includes in his widely varied catalogue No. 421, of Anthropology, Folk-Lore, and Archaeology, copies of the two editions of an uncommon little book which can appeal to few, even specialists, by its mere title. It is "Gerania: a New Discovery of a Little Sort of People Anciently Discoursed of," first printed in 1675, and again on fine large paper (but in response to what demand it would be hard to say) in 1750. This obscure trifle has been said, not unreasonably, to anticipate "Gulliver."

If this were altogether wrong, then Mr. Quaritch was astray in buying a copy for £3 17s. 6d. at Sotheby's in 1920. But there is something in the idea; and the opening of the book—the best of it—is excellent fabrication. A ship goes up the Ganges, and is driven by a change in the weather into "a great Lake, on the utmost Borders of India," where, as the sun rises, turning the mountains to gold in the best romantic style, the crew see pigmies making "mimical and ridiculous gestures" on the shore.

THE author was one Joshua Barnes, Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge. He knew as much Greek, according to Bentley, as an Athenian cobbler. Anxious to publish a vast edition of Homer at the expense of his wife, who was not only rich, but also religious, he is credited with having persuaded her, in a copy of verses, that Solomon was the author of the "Iliad." Quantities of his eccentric manuscripts are harbored at Cambridge still. The butt of the wits and well recorded in anecdote, this old scholar might make a worthy central character for a comedy of the period.

## Music.

### THE RETURN OF DR. STRAUSS.

HE was extremely friendly and belonged to an extremely friendly foreign country; but he declared in a loud voice that there was no music in England. "Except Strauss, of course; and Strauss. . . ." He compressed his lips, and made an odd, blowing sound of peculiar sonority. It was impossible not to listen to the conversation; and I saw that the proprietress of the restaurant, in her little box by the door, was listening, too. It was characteristic of the "Land without Music" that this lady was a very good musician. She was, in fact, no less accomplished and resourceful as a violinist than as manager of a difficult and flourishing business; and her flair for modern music was only equalled by her technique in modern catering. Meanwhile, the man who had been speaking went on with his abuse. He was not very often at concerts; oh dear no! (Indeed, I never remember to have seen him listening to music but once, and that was at a private recital at someone's house, where he obviously wasn't listening.) He had not been to the Albert Hall to hear Strauss. He passed lightly over the Russian Ballet. The "Beggar's Opera" was merely a very English Don Juan; while as for "Don Giovanni"—fancy trying to do it in the style of Goya! He really couldn't go to the Old Vic. (and if he had gone, he

wouldn't have been able to get a seat for love or money). "Mozart? You have no opera. You should see the 'Meistersinger' as they do it abroad!" The proprietress went brusquely back into her little box—as if one didn't know the "Meistersinger" almost backwards and had never heard a good performance! It was curious to reflect that more than half the people in the restaurant were regular concert-goers, and that, with them, the "Meistersinger" was the one opera of Wagner which they really wanted to hear again. The lady at the "desk" wouldn't have missed one for a good deal; but she would have gone to it, as she had gone to the Strauss concert, definitely as a revival.

It has not yet dawned upon many visitors to England that music here has moved on in the last ten or fifteen years. The opera-public is rather well read in modern opera. It knows "Pelléas" pretty well, and it knows the Russians as well as it knows Wagner. Its knowledge of what stage decoration should be has reached a pitch which makes the Bakst scenery at the Alhambra look ineffective and old-fashioned; it has learnt how that sort of thing should be done from Lovat Fraser and Granville Barker. And more than this, it is learning that opera needs not only singers and co-operation, but a producer and an autocrat—one who has brains and the tact to get his ideas carried out. True, the Royal Opera has become a cinema; but our opera is being reformed from the other end by the "Beggar's Opera" and the Mozart performances at the Old Vic. Dr. Strauss has not realized, either, that music in England has moved on. It is not his fault, but rather that of his advisers. He has been making a prolonged tour in North and South America, and has taken England on the way back with a programme suitable for a South American Republic. He admits that he has never heard and never read music which is well known now to London musicians, professional and amateur; and he does not seem to be aware that much of his own music is familiar to the audiences of the most popular concerts. English orchestras know it practically by heart; in fact, no orchestral player could get a job in London or any large town unless he could play everything that Strauss has written, or read at sight anything which that master of orchestration is likely to write in the future. Dr. Strauss may complain that, be this as it may, the orchestra at the Albert Hall seemed to play his works rather badly. The same players have played the same things times without number, and have made them sound far better at the Queen's Hall under other leadership. Yet Dr. Strauss is certainly one of the great conductors; he is unexaggerated and undemonstrative, but he conducts the band rather than the audience; he never strains after effect, but he lets every detail sound. When he conducted Mozart here before the war we began to see how good a conductor he could be; and I cannot remember a better performance of "Tristan" than one conducted by him at the opera in Berlin. What was wrong with the concert was the place; in the Albert Hall even the Last Trump, blown by the competent Archangel in person, would sound like a motor-horn outside in the fog.

Strauss (though one is apt to forget it) has been a Stravinsky in his day. About fifteen years ago he became the fashion as the last thing in musical monstrosity. A festival was held in London, which some considered a festival of pure noise; and Sir Charles Stanford commemorated it in the "Ode to Discord," which remains in the memory as one of the best things he ever wrote. Programmes spoke of the "unexampled audacity" of the ending of "Also sprach Zarathustra"; parodies appeared, which were so like the analytical programmes that it was difficult to tell which was a travesty of which ("a short but dignified phrase for the trombone indicating the arrival of the family doctor"); while to a comic poet the Straussian orchestra suggested "elfin hordes in anticlimax" and "nostalgic Rosicrucians entering the asymptote." But besides the nonsense of the comedians and the frenzy of the sensationalists, Strauss and Stravinsky have points of resemblance. Both are men of unusual intellectual power, and both have written music which is predominantly intellectual. Not that they are the only composers whose music has been the result of



## BANK OF LIVERPOOL & MARTINS LIMITED.

### NINETY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING.

THE NINETY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING of Shareholders of the Bank of Liverpool & Martins Limited was held at Liverpool on Tuesday last, Mr. Edward Paul, the Chairman, presiding over a large attendance.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts, referred to personal changes in the Board and Management, and proceeded to deal with the figures of the Balance Sheet. Comparing them with the corresponding figures of December 31st, 1920, they would notice that there had been a decrease of £2,500,000 in the amount due on Current, Deposit, and other accounts. This decrease was apparently of a temporary nature. There was also a decrease of £3,000,000 in the Bank's Acceptances, due to the dull condition of trade and the fall in the value of commodities against which Acceptances were given. The total of the Balance Sheet had accordingly fallen from £91,000,000 at the end of 1920, to £86,000,000 at the end of 1921.

On the Assets side the cash in hand and at the Bank of England was £3,000,000 less, but the Investments in first class securities, which included Treasury Bills, had increased by £3,800,000. The Bank's Investments in War Issues had diminished by £2,000,000, owing to the sale of some short dated Investments during the year. Bills of Exchange were £3,300,000 against £7,000,000 last year, a decrease which, again, was due to the dull condition of trade.

The most important change in the figures, however, is the reduction of £180,000 in the Net Profit for the year. In considering this decrease one has to remember that the year 1920 was a "boom" year, whereas the year 1921 was one of profound depression, when the turnover in business accounts diminished to an extraordinary degree. This is indicated in the figures of the Bankers' Clearings:—

In the Liverpool Clearing	the decrease was	45.7 per cent.
In the Manchester Clearing	" " "	48.8 " "
In the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Clearing	" " "	54.7 " "

and so on, while the Country Cheques cleared through London showed a reduction of 26.2 per cent. In other words, business was stagnant, and our Commission Account naturally suffered.

Taking these adverse circumstances into account, the Directors are gratified that the profits enable us to pay the usual Dividend of 15 per cent. per annum, to provide £150,000 for the Bank's Contingent Fund, and to increase the balance of Profits carried forward by about £23,000. The Contingent Fund is the internal Reserve Fund of the Bank, and our reason for making a transfer to that Fund is that, in the present depressed condition of trade, it is desirable to keep the internal Reserve strong.

With regard to our Investments, the very conditions which so adversely affected commercial business led to a recovery in the price of gilt-edged Securities, and we have no occasion this year to provide for any depreciation. On the contrary, the value of the Bank's Investments shows a substantial surplus beyond the amount at which they stand in the books.

The year 1921 was a year of unexampled business depression, not only in this country but in most of the commercial countries of the world. The fall in the trade barometer began about April, 1920, and continued until April, 1921. From that date until the end of the year, while conditions have shown no marked improvement, they have not become worse, and one is tempted to hope that the bottom of the depression has at last been reached. As prices fell, many buyers of goods, especially foreign buyers, failed to fulfil contracts. Especially was this the case where buyers had to face not only the loss in the market value of the goods but a further heavy loss in Exchange. The result was that huge quantities of textile and other goods, which had been shipped out to fulfil definite orders, were left on the hands of exporters to be sold for what they would fetch, or to lie encumbering the quays and warehouses of distant ports. Fresh orders were few and far between. Prices fell below the cost of production, and serious losses were incurred by many of our industrial concerns.

To add to our troubles there was during 1920-1921 a large number of industrial disputes: I have seen the number quoted as 4,000. Trade has not yet recovered from the shocks caused by the Moulders' Strike, the Ship-joiners' Strike, and the Coal Strike. One is, however, glad to observe a better spirit in regard to labor questions and signs of a happier co-operation between employers and employed.

When we add to all this the fact of the general economic disorganization of the world, we have no difficulty in

accounting for the unsatisfactory state of trade and the deplorable extent of unemployment.

The Chairman proceeded to a review of the leading industries of the North of England. Dealing first with Agriculture, he said 1921 was disappointing for farmers. They suffered from heavy depreciation in the value of live-stock, and from a great fall in the price of agricultural products. Roughly speaking, the fall in values ranged from 40 to 50 per cent. The drought of last summer also greatly interfered with successful farming, and increased the expense of stock feeding. Speaking generally, the Farming Industry throughout the North had stood the adverse conditions well, and with prudence, economy, and favorable weather would probably get safely through any depression still in front of it.

During the greater part of 1921 the Coal, Iron, and Steel industries had been more or less in a moribund condition. In the first three months of the year most of the steel works were kept busy on old orders at profitable prices, though not much new business was coming to hand. During the same period very little money was being made in the coal trade, and when, on March 31st, the end came of the Government guarantee, followed by the disastrous coal stoppage, trade was paralysed in every direction. The iron and steel industry eventually came to a complete standstill, and our foreign competitors began to get busy to such an extent that more coal and iron was imported into this country than had ever been known. As much as 20,000 tons of iron were imported into the Tees in a single month. It was the general opinion, however, that prices of iron and steel had now dropped to such an extent as to prevent any further imports from abroad. The one satisfactory feature was that we were recovering our trade in export coal.

Shipping had been seriously affected by two main considerations—the enormous increase in the tonnage of the world and the decrease in the quantity of cargo to be carried. Before the war the steam tonnage of the world was 43,000,000; it was now 59,000,000. The quantity of cargo moving before the war was just enough to keep steamers employed. The quantity now was only 80 per cent. of pre-war quantity, while the tonnage had increased 36 per cent., with the consequence that many ships were idle, and many only half full. The high cost of shipbuilding had also checked the demand for new steamers, and while yards were gradually completing tonnage under construction, orders for new tonnage were not being placed, except by a few Liner Companies. It was the opinion in some well-informed quarters that the bottom of the shipping slump had been reached, and that there would be a slow but steady improvement, and there was undoubtedly some inquiry now regarding new tonnage.

Turning to the Cotton trade, Mr. Paul said the year began with a falling-off of the 1920 demand, and both consumption and price continued to fall until August. Stocks of raw material, as well as manufactured yarn and goods, accumulated, and a cessation of buying for export, together with postponement of deliveries on contract for both home and foreign markets compelled most mills to run much short time. In spinning very few dividends had been earned during 1921, the losses having been heavy, and manufacturers also suffered severely. Overseas purchasers either refused or were unable to take up cloth ordered at high prices in 1920, and the existence of these unsold stocks proved a deadweight on the market for cloth. With regard to the future, impediments in the way of increased trade were that there were still considerable stocks of undigested goods in various parts of the world, finishing prices were still high (though he was glad to see that reduction was contemplated); taxation, both local and Imperial, was a heavy burden, adding greatly to the cost of production, and the dislocation of the Foreign Exchanges made trade in many cases almost impossible. Taking the trade as a whole, however, there was every likelihood of 1922 being more encouraging than 1921.

The course of the Woollen Trade was similar to that of the Cotton Trade. The period of depression reached its culminating point in April, 1921, when there were heavy stocks of wool in this country and abroad, and very heavy stocks of finished cloth manufactured from raw material bought at the highest prices, and for which there was no demand whatever.

The experience of manufacturers and merchants of piece goods had been a sorry one. From the termination of the boom in 1920 to April, 1921, they were inundated with cancellations of orders for piece goods, which were either made or in process, and since then the trend of values for finished cloth had been downwards without interruption.

The outlook for makers of tops and yarns was now better than it had been, and while the prospect for manufacturing and piece merchandising was not yet encouraging, it was felt that the worst was over. Reports received from the Bank's branches indicated that the chief obstacles to

hard thinking: all real music is that; but their musical ideas were comparatively poor, and the quality of their inspiration seemed to be out of all proportion to the amount of intellectual activity lavished upon it. Their themes never seemed significant, but they, or their supporters, could retort that that was not what they were driving at. Strauss had a keen sense of humor, and a feeling for psychology; Stravinsky also had a sense of humor, and a very keen sense of hearing. Their music was not in the least national, but their sense of humor was, and it led them to approach their subjects in different ways. Then Strauss went on tour in Spanish America, and the musical public there discovered him. Stravinsky went to Spain, and, like other people who have been to Spain, he discovered something. Scarlatti went, and discovered the guitar, and Glinka the whole-tone scale; but Stravinsky was somehow led to write the "Wind Symphony."

Dr. Strauss's friends, however, have fallen inevitably out of touch with these things. They give the impression of despising the London audience. The next time the Master visits us—and we sincerely hope there will be more visits—we should like to hear that "Alpine Symphony" of his (first performed in 1915), the "Ophelia-Lieder" (1920), and the other new songs, together with extracts from the new opera "Die Frau ohne Schatten" (Vienna, 1919), and from Calderon's mystery play "The Great Theatre of the World," which Hofmannsthal has adapted and Strauss set to music for the musical festival to be held this summer at Salzburg. The people who filled the Albert Hall—the cheap seats, at any rate—went there to indulge in reminiscence and to think of those happy days before the war. Why, here was Dr. Strauss conducting a programme of his own works as he might have done in 1906, and the same works, too! . . .

"Strauss!" said the lady at the desk as I went out. "How dead those things are!" She sighed. It was only when I was climbing on to a 'bus that I thought of the appropriate reply. Those symphonic poems are stories which one has heard too often, and the jokes are stale. Only the best yarns will bear re-telling, but one of them is "Till Eulenspiegel."

J. B. T.

## Science.

### THE IDEAL SCIENTIFIC MAN.

Is the scientific man really a distinct kind of man, or is it merely that science is a distinct occupation? To answer the question we must make the elementary distinction between the scientific man and the man who practises science, and when we do that the answer is obvious. There is as certainly the "born" scientific man as there is the born artist. But in saying this we are referring to ideals. Perhaps there has never been a perfect man of science, and perhaps there has never been a perfect artist. But in order to understand the distinction between one kind of man and another it is helpful to construct ideals—extreme cases which may be used as measuring rods. What, then, are the characteristics of the ideal man of science? We may approach the solution by trying to make precise the characteristics which have led us, vaguely, to construct the hierarchy we already possess. We feel, for instance, that Henry Cavendish, that passionless recluse, was a much more "purely scientific" man than, say, Thomas Henry Huxley. If we examine this conviction of ours we make the interesting discovery that it is chiefly for his negative characteristics that we assign this greater purity to Cavendish. Huxley was passionately interested in the questions which concern every good citizen, in politics, in social reform, in religion; he took sides on these questions and fought for his side. Of Cavendish we can only say that it is inconceivable that he would have

taken sides on these questions, and very difficult to believe that he was even remotely interested in them. Take another point. Huxley abounded in ordinary human affections. He was a devoted husband, a good father, a faithful friend, a resolute opponent. Cavendish never manifested a vestige of any of these qualities. He had no wife, no children, no friends, and never showed the faintest dislike of anybody. Huxley was a champion of what he thought the truth, and strained every nerve to enable it to prevail. Cavendish, who was one of the greatest investigators, one of the clearest and most subtle minds, in the history of science, kept his discoveries to himself. For years Huxley bore the brunt of the attacks on Darwin's theory. Cavendish blandly watched the growth in popularity of theories he had privately demonstrated to be wrong, and never stirred a finger to rebut them. And finally, Huxley was a man who suffered his alternations of high spirits and despondency, hope and despair, while Cavendish, from the evidence we have, was imperturbably serene.

Now, the interesting point that emerges from this comparison is that Cavendish, in virtue of his scientific purity, *could not* have exhibited those qualities which allied Huxley to the ordinary run of men. A man's characteristics are not disconnected. Cavendish's cold passion for knowledge required for its gratification qualities of the spirit as well as of the mind. No man was ever more single in his desire to *know*; no man ever was so little hindered by having other interests to serve; no man, therefore, had a greater measure of the purely scientific spirit. This is the important point for our question; it is comparatively irrelevant that very few men have ever had so great a mind to place at the service of their passion. That his actual scientific standing should be so much greater than Huxley's is an accident; he would still have been more purely scientific than Huxley had his ability been less than Huxley's. Cavendish is all of a piece. His very perfection as a recording and measuring instrument tended to deprive him of "personality." The less personal he was, in fact, the more dispassionately open he could be. Other passions were incompatible with his perfection; they would derange this exquisite instrument. Judgments of good and evil would not have been natural to him. His reaction to anything was exhausted in the act of *understanding* that thing.

So far as we have gone, it would seem that Nietzsche's description of what he calls the "objective man" is exactly what we mean by the ideal man of science. "The objective man is in truth a mirror: accustomed to prostration before everything that wants to be known, with such desires only as knowing or 'reflecting' implies . . ." he will regard such personality as he has, Nietzsche goes on to say, as accidental and arbitrary. He cannot take himself seriously and devote time to himself. His love is constrained, his hate artificial. He is only genuine so far as he can be objective; he is unable to say either "Yea" or "Nay" to life; he is concerned solely to understand, to "reflect." He says, with Leibniz: "Je ne méprise presque rien." This description is undoubtedly the result of genuine psychological insight. When we try to disentangle the purely scientific element in a man of science we find that, so far as he is scientific, he approximates to Nietzsche's objective man. If this, then, is the ideal scientific man, what place does he occupy? Where does he stand in relation to the rest of mankind? According to Nietzsche he is merely an instrument; "he is an instrument, something of a slave, though certainly the sublimest sort of slave, but nothing in himself." He is no goal, no termination, no complementary man in whom the rest of creation justifies itself. As compared with the *true* philosopher, the philosopher in Nietzsche's sense, the man who gives a new direction to life, the ideal man of science is merely the most costly, the most easily tarnished, the most exquisite of instruments.

We need not quarrel with this valuation, but we would point out that there is an omission in it. The

a revival of the trade were again high taxation and fluctuating exchanges.

If he were to touch upon other markets and trades he might tell a more cheering story about some of them, such as foodstuffs, textile machinery, and others, but nevertheless he could not avoid the conclusion that the year 1921 witnessed the greatest depression in our economic history. If it had not been for the patience and resource of our business men, and the generous way in which buyers and sellers often agreed to cancel contracts and share losses, and if it had not been for the power to recover losses to the extent of Excess Profit Duty previously paid, the results would have been calamitous. As it was, the country weathered the storm, and would, he trusted, now enter calmer water.

After paying a tribute to the way in which our financial system had stood the strain of the war, the trade boom and now the trade depression, the Chairman said:—

Unfortunately, the economic recovery of our own country does not depend alone upon the soundness of our Banking system or the solvency of our Government's Budget. It depends also upon the financial and economic conditions prevailing in other countries. While our transactions with America are running on a more even keel, as evidenced by the recovery and comparative steadiness of dollar exchange, or trade relations with Europe are being interrupted and curtailed by the chaotic conditions which prevail in most of the European countries. In many of these the reprehensible practice of inflating the note issue has continued practically unchecked throughout the year, and, if not stopped, is bound, according to all past experience, to end in the economic, commercial, and even social collapse of the countries where the practice prevails.

It is not too much to say that the very existence of the economic system of Europe depends upon the abandonment by Germany and other countries of the policy of increasing their issue of inconvertible notes. But what concerns us more directly is that the depreciation of these currencies has led to violent fluctuations in the exchange rates as between the currency and the pound sterling, or the currency and the American dollar. The extraordinary effect of such fluctuations upon the internal and foreign trade of the countries concerned is puzzling even to those experienced in such matters. Booms of greater or lesser volume appear and die away, and appear again. Great apparent prosperity exists alongside of very real distress, and in the case of all the countries whose exchanges are subject to the violent fluctuations I have mentioned, the difficulties in the way of foreign trade are becoming very great.

The trouble is that with the practical disappearance of the gold standard from the countries of Europe, there is now no link between the currencies of one country and another, no automatic limit to the fluctuations of exchange, and none of the restraining and correcting economic influences, which were evoked when international indebtedness reached the point at which gold had to be shipped. Further, in the old days, the trend of prices was fairly uniform throughout the world, and sudden and excessive movements of price were

the exception. Now there is no guarantee that in countries where the currency is inflated prices may not move suddenly, violently, and in a direction quite at variance with prices in the rest of the world. It follows that transactions between this country and, say, Germany which when originated showed a profit to both buyer and seller, might end in severe loss to either the one or the other. Under such conditions business becomes impossible. Again and again during the year we have found business men prevented from undertaking desirable transactions which would have yielded both profit to themselves and employment to others by the uncertainty as to the course that prices and rates of exchange would take during the currency of the transaction. In my opinion this uncertainty is now the chief obstacle to business recovery.

I therefore welcome the approaching International Conference at Genoa in the hope that it will accomplish the following necessary things:—Settle the amount of Germany's reparation at a figure which she ought to pay, but which she can pay; fix the method of payment so as to cause the minimum of disturbance in the foreign exchange market; induce the several Governments to balance their Budgets and cease further issue of inconvertible notes; abolish tariff walls and similar restrictions upon international trade; and, establish peace. The task before the Conference is stupendous, but the Conference will be helped by the conviction which is growing in many minds in all lands, that the welfare of all the nations depends upon the restoration of economic stability and the re-opening of the channels of international trade.

To achieve such a restoration and such a re-opening would be no mere economic gain, it would bring comfort and hope into countless homes in this country, which are at present desolated by want of work, and it would do more than anything else to promote order and contentment not only here, but in the distracted countries of Europe.

Mr. Isaac H. Storey, one of the Deputy-Chairmen, seconded the adoption of the Report and Accounts, and the motion was carried unanimously.

Messrs. G. E. B. Bromley-Martin, W. R. Glazebrook, W. H. Hustler, and A. Allan Paton, C.B., were re-elected Directors.

Sir James Hope Simpson, General Manager, responding to a vote of thanks to Directors, management and staff, said the past year had probably been the most difficult in his experience, not even excepting the war years. During the war, when problems arose there was generally only one thing to do. Last year the problems were due to so many causes that it was not always easy to select the right one. However, they had got through, and got through well, and he hoped this year would be commercially a calmer one. Sir James acknowledged the loyalty and support of the managers and staffs of the Bank, and announced that the long-wished-for Widows' and Orphans' Fund was now established.

The Meeting concluded with cordial thanks to the Chairman.

## BANK OF LIVERPOOL & MARTINS LTD.,

Head Office: 7, WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

London Office: 68, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C. 3.

Capital Subscribed	- - - - -	£18,791,120
Capital Paid Up	- - - - -	2,348,890
Reserve Fund and Surplus Profits	- - - - -	1,547,119
Deposits, etc., at 31st December, 1921	- - - - -	78,645,611

322 BRANCHES AND SUB-BRANCHES.

All descriptions of Banking, Trustee and Foreign Exchange Business Transacted.

THE BANK IS PREPARED TO ACT AS AGENTS FOR FOREIGN BANKS ON USUAL TERMS.



scientific man is an instrument, but he is an indispensable instrument. The human race has endured all the different "new directions" given to it by the "true" philosophers of the past without any marked increase in its spiritual stature. The philosopher, however commanding, who would really lead us in any but a circular direction must have *knowledge*. This knowledge, to be valuable, must be clear and trustworthy; it must be scientific. And if the inspirations and impulses of our leaders should prove to be incompatible with deductions from scientific knowledge, then we may be sure that the Promised Land does not lie their way. The scientific man is merely an instrument. But it is this instrument alone that can show to mankind which, of all the goals it desires, are possible goals, and which, of all the leaders it trusts, are trustworthy leaders. The scientific man is an instrument, but it is by this instrument that those who would use it are first tested. Scientific knowledge is, if you like, as dispassionate and inhuman as is the universe with which it concerns itself—and it can as little be ignored.

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## Forthcoming Meetings.

- Jan.  
Sat. 28. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Evolution of Organ Music," Lecture II., Dr. C. Macpherson.  
Sun. 29. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"Medieval Political Ideas and Modern Problems," Miss Power.  
Mon. 30. Morley Hall, George Street, Hanover Square, 10.30 a.m. and 2 p.m.—Conference on Unemployment among Industrial and Professional Women.  
Institute of Actuaries, 5.  
University College, 5.—"The Bridges over the Thames at London," Mr. A. T. Walmisley.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Recent Developments in German Education," Lecture II., Dr. J. Steppat.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Nationality in the Balkans: the Coming of the Turks," Dr. R. W. Seton-Watson.  
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Inks," Lecture II., Mr. C. Ainsworth Mitchell. (Cantor Lecture.)  
Tues. 31. Royal Institution, 3.—"Variable Stars: I. Short-Period Variables," Dr. H. H. Turner.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Peter's Successors," Sir Bernard Pares.  
Birkbeck College, 7.—"Maeterlinck's Doctrine of Progress," Mr. Jethro Bithell.  
Feb.  
Wed. 1. Royal Institute of Public Health, 4.—"The Virulence of Tubercle Bacilli," Dr. A. S. Griffith.  
King's College, 5.15.—"Religious Life in England in the Eighteenth Century," Prof. E. W. Watson.  
Geological Society, 5.30.—"Notes on the New Six-Inch Geological Survey of London," Mr. C. E. N. Bromehead.  
University College, 5.30.—"French Bookbindings," Major Cyril Davenport.  
University College, 5.30.—"Religious Toleration in Dutch History," Lecture I., Prof. P. Geyl.  
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Surface Printing by Rollers in the Cotton Industry," Mr. A. Wilcock.  
Thurs. 2. Royal Institution, 3.—"Droughts and Floods," Lecture I., Sir Napier Shaw.  
Royal Society, 4.30.—"On the Oxidation Processes of the Echinoderm Egg during Fertilization," Mr. C. Shearer; and other Papers.  
Linnean Society, 5.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Literary History of Spain: Heroes and Hero-Worship," Dr. R. A. Pastor.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Literature of Poland," Mr. Leonard Wharton.  
University College, 5.30.—"Nature in Giovanni Pascoli and the Nineteenth-Century English Poets," Mr. H. E. Goad.  
Civic Education League (Leplay House, 65, Belgrave Road, S.W. 1), 8.15.—"Psycho-Analysis in relation to Civics," Miss Barbara Low.  
Fri. 3. University College, 5.—"The Evolution of Man," Lecture I., Prof. G. Elliot Smith.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Matter, Mind, and Man," Dr. F. A. P. Aveling.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Florentine Sculpture: Ghiberti and Donatello," Prof. P. Dearmer.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Peoples of the Caucasus," Lecture III., Dr. Harold W. Williams.  
Philological Society, 8.—Sir Israel Gollancz's Presidential Address.  
Royal Institution, 9.—"The Mount Everest Expedition," Lieut.-Col. Sir Francis Younghusband.

## The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

### PHILOSOPHY.

- Baldwin (James Mark). *Le Médiet et l'Immédiat* (Bibliothèque de Philosophie Contemporaine). Paris, Alcan, 20fr.  
Flammarion (Camille). *Death and Its Mystery before Death: Proofs of the Existence of the Soul*. Fisher Unwin, 10/6.  
Lynch (Arthur). *Ethics: an Exposition of Principles*. Cassell, 7/6.

### RELIGION.

- Gordon (E. A.). *Asian Cristology and the Mahayana*. Reprint of the Century-old "Indian Church History" by Thomas Yeates. Il. Tokyo, Maruzen & Co.  
Gowan (Joseph). *Homiletics; or, the Theory of Preaching*. Stock, 6/-.  
Major (H. D. A.). *A Resurrection of Relics: a Modern Churchman's Defence in a Recent Charge of Heresy*. Oxford, Blackwell, 2/-.  
Moxon (Reginald S.). *The Doctrine of Sin: a Critical and Historical Investigation*. Allen & Unwin, 10/6.  
Paget (Bishop H. L.). *Peace and Happiness*. Introd. by the Bishop of London. Longmans, 3/6.  
Spencer (Malcolm). *Impasse or Opportunity? The Situation after Lambeth*. Student Christian Movement, 3/-.

### SOCIOLOGY, ECONOMICS, POLITICS.

- Fight for Socialism*. A Review of Present Forces and a Forecast of Victory, by an Unrepentant Socialist. Longmans, 2/-.  
Greenbie (Sydney). *The Pacific Triangle*. Il. Mills & Boon, 18/-.  
Howe (Frederic C.). *Denmark: a Co-operative Commonwealth*. Allen & Unwin, 7/6.  
Kawakami (K. M.). *What Japan Thinks*. Macmillan, 10/6.  
Laski (Harold J.). *The Foundations of Sovereignty; and other Essays*. Allen & Unwin, 15/-.  
Robinson (Norman L.). *Christian Justice (Christian Revolution Series)*. Swarthmore Press, 6/6.  
Stekel (Dr. W.). *Disguises of Love: Psycho-Analytical Sketches*. Tr. by Rosalie Gabler. Kegan Paul, 6/6.  
Williams (Whiting). *Full Up and Fed Up. The Worker's Mind in Crowded Britain*. Il. Allen & Unwin, 12/6.

### PHILOLOGY.

- Chaytor (H. J.). *A Manual of French*. Cambridge Univ. Press, 4/-.  
Whymant (A. Neville J.). *Colloquial Chinese (Northern)*. Kegan Paul, 3/6.

### NATURAL SCIENCE.

- \*Armitage (F. F.). *Diet and Race*. Anthropological Essays. Diags. Longmans, 7/6.  
\*Gwynne-Vaughan (Dame Helen). *Fungi: Ascomycetes, Ustilaginales, Uredinales*. Il. Cambridge Univ. Press, 35/-.  
Stevenson (Edward Luther). *Terrestrial and Celestial Globes: their History and Construction*. 2 vols. Il. New Haven, Yale Univ. Press (Milford), 50/-.

### USEFUL ARTS.

- Baker (H. F.). *Principles of Geometry*. Vol. 1. Foundations. Diags. Cambridge Univ. Press, 12/-.  
Duncan (J.). *An Introduction to Engineering Drawing*. Macmillan, 4/-.

### MUSIC.

- \*Bridge (Sir Frederick). *The Old Cries of London*. Il. Novello, 7/-.  
Lytton (Henry A.). *The Secrets of a Savoyard*. Jarrolds, 6/-.  
\*Tutor Church Music. Anthem: O God, the King of Glory. By Orlando Gibbons. Ed. by Edmund H. Fellowes. 9d.—Evening Service in Five Parts. By William Byrd. Ed. by E. H. Fellowes. 1/-.—Motet for Four Voices. *Audivi Vocem de Coelo* (I heard a voice from Heaven). By Thomas Tallis. Ed. by R. R. Terry. 6d.—Anthem: O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem. By Thomas Tomkins. Ed. by A. Ramsbotham. 6d. Milford.

### LITERATURE.

- British Academy. Raleigh Lecture on History. The Elizabethans and the Empire. By A. F. Pollard. Milford, 1/6.  
Roe (Frederick W.). *The Social Philosophy of Carlyle and Ruskin*. Allen & Unwin, 12/6.  
\*Sidney (Sir Philip). *Complete Works in Three Vols*. Vol. 2. The Last Part of the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia Astrophel; and Stella, and other Poems; The Lady of May. Ed. by Albert Feuillerat (Cambridge English Classics). Cambridge Univ. Press, 12/6.  
POETRY AND THE DRAMA.  
Freeman (John). *The Red Path: a Narrative; and The Wounded Bird*. Cambridge, Mass., Dunster House (Selwyn & Blount).  
Macmillan (Douglas). *By Camel and Cary*. Somerset Folk Press, 16, Harpur St., W.C.1, 1/-.  
Naylor (H. Darnley). *Horace, Odes and Epodes: a Study in Poetic Word-Order*. Cambridge Univ. Press, 20/-.

### FICTION.

- \*Buchholtz (Johannes). *The Miracles of Clara van Haag*. Gyldendal, 8/6.  
Burroughs (Edgar R.). *The Man Without a Soul*. Methuen, 6/-.  
\*Cabell (J. B.). *Figures of Earth*. Lane, 8/6.  
Christie (Agatha). *The Secret Adversary*. Lane, 7/6.  
Gibbon (M. Morgan). *The Pharisees*. Hutchinson, 7/6.  
\*Hamsun (Knut). *Wanderers*. Gyldendal, 8/6.  
\*Hergesheimer (Joseph). *Mountain Blood*. Heinemann, 7/6.  
\*Larminie (Margaret R.). *Search*. Chatto & Windus, 7/6.  
\*Nexö (Martin A.). *Bitte, Daughter of Man*. Tr. by A. G. Chater and R. Thirsk. Heinemann, 7/6.  
Overton (John). *My Lady April*. Werner Laurie, 7/6.  
\*Philpotts (Eden). *The Grey Room*. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6.  
\*Sinclair (May). *The Life and Death of Harriet Frean*. Collins, 6/-.  
Tyler (G. Vere). *Children of Transgression (First Novel Library)*. Fisher Unwin, 7/6.  
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